Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869.} "Let Us See To it that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent

Washington, June 12, 1893.

"There's a curse upon the building ever since within its walls the great Lincoln was stricken down by the cowardly assassin, and if I had my way it should be entirely demolished and the ground be forever left unbuilt upon." Thus spake an old man, standing in front of Ford's old theatre, who had witnessed the assassination of Lincoln and who also saw some of the harrowing and heart rending scenes which followed the collapse of the floors of the same building, last Friday, causing the death of twenty-two and the injury of sixty-eight employees of the Surgeon General's office. It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless strictly true, that nearly 500 men should have been compelled to work in this building, which as long ago as 1866 had been condemned as unfit for use and unsafe, and the knowledge that there are a number of other buildings occupied by the government that are no better but adds to the horror felt by the people of Washington at the awful and needless slaughter of human beings. Money has been freely contributed by our people, for the families of the dead and wounded, and an army court of inquiry is engaged in locating the personal responsibility, likewise a coroner's jury; but it lies where neither of them can reach—in Congress, which has repeatedly refused to provide proper quarters for these and hundreds of other government employees. A similar accident is liable to occur any day at the Government Printing Office, a building known to be unsafe and yet daily occupied bo nearly 3000 men and women; and the Winter building, occupied by a branch of the War Department has also long been in an unsafe condition, likewise a portion of the Patent Office and an annex to the Post Office Department. Perhaps this terrible disaster will have the effect of awakening Congress to its duty in providing safe and proper quarters for the employees of the government. If it doesn't one far more terrible will certainly occur some day.

Mr. Cleveland is the first President since Buchanan to publicly plead the baby act, and the sight is humiliating to every man who admires pluck and bravery, and all Americans do. Instead of making use of the means provided by wise republican legislation years ago for such contingencies to relieve the financial distress, he says in effect: "I didn't make this financial stringency and I will take no step towards relieving it, unless expressly authorized by Congress, which is responsible, so to do." Nice language that, for a President, isn't it? Please understand that there is no politics in this question; it is strictly one of business, and republicans are ready and willing to support and uphold the President in any and every effort he might make to relieve the country, but it is difficult to see how any man can uphold him in pleading the baby act. That neither he nor his Secretary of the Treasury are financiers is already well known, but they might at least have been wise enough to have taken advantage of the safeguards provided by law, instead of leaving the country to drift until Congress meets. Mr. Cleveland is apparently so blinded by his anxiety to compel the repeal of the Sher man silver law that he can see nothing else, and his blindness is little short of a public misfortune.

Now that those eminent free traders, David A. Wells, and Edward Atkinson, have succeeded in naming the chief of the Bureau of Statistics—Worthington Ford, of New York,—it is to be hoped that they will not insist upon having the statistics prepared by that bureau doctored so as to make arguments in favor of free trade, but it is probably too much to hope from such sources.

A large force of pension examiners are to go over the papers in every pension granted under the act of 1890, for the avowed purpose of discovering how many of these pensioners can be dropped under Secretary Smith's recent ruling as to a portion of that law. Another purpose will thus be accomplished that is not avowed, but which is thoroughly understood here: the number of original pensions granted will necessarily be considerably lessened while these Examiners are putting in all their time going over old cases.

Mr. Cleveland doesn't turn down all the democrats who have spoken slightingly of him—if he did the mugwumps would get all the offices. Mr. Jacob F. Child, of Missouri, who was minister to Siam "when Cleveland was on earth before," as Colonel Cockerill irreverently speaks of Cleveland's first administration, has been appointed counsel to Hankow, China. Mr. Child spent his opinion very freely of the President during the first week of the administration, on account of the "ex" rule, which by the way, has been broken so often that nobody any more even thinks of it, and remarked of him publicly the day he left Washington for Missouri; "I helped to place the laurel on his brow, and I'll be here again to lay the bay upon his bier.

DANGERS OF A STRICT GOLD BASIS.

Senator William M. Stewart has written an open letter, in which he says: "You ask me whether the Sherman act will be repealed. I reply, no. The representatives of the people dare not do it. Every obligation of the government, and nearly, if not all, private obligations entered into previous to 1890, except those on the Pacific coast, are payable in silver. The repeal of the Sherman act would deprive the debtor of the right to pay in the money of the contract and convert all the indebtedness of the United States into gold obligations, and not only impoverish and ruin the present generation, but would be a heritage of misery for generations to come."

Senator Stewart said in an interview upon the latter:

"This is the most serious thing that has been considered, this proposed conversion of all contracts into gold contracts. That conversion in South America resulted in repudiation and bankruptcy, and, although this is the richest country in the world, the conversion of all contracts into gold would break the United States.

"Discussion will develop the fact that a universal gold standard means universal bankruptcy. The repeal of the Sherman law, with the continued suspension of silver coinage, will reduce the value of silver bullion to an extent that will class it with the baser metals. In that case it will be impossible to float the four thousand millions of silver money now doing duty as money for every purpose, except as reserve in banks and in government issuing it. and would be no better than any other credit money.

"So far from this being useful as money of ultimate payment, it would add to the burden of credit already resting on the narrow limit of gold. The gold coin of the world cannot be increased. About one-third of the output of gold comes from silver mines, and the yield of gold would, therefore, be greatly diminished by the rejection of silver, resulting in the closing of silver mines. Already the arts consume practically all the output of gold."

"Have you conferred with other congressmen, senator, upon the prospects of a repeal of the Sherman law?"

"I have talked with quite a number, and I have found no congressman who was bold enough to say that he was in favor of confining money of ultimate redemption to gold alone. It is idle to talk about maintaining the parity of the two metals with silver demonetized and gold monetized. If gold can be coined and silver cannot, gold will be worth more than silver, and the reverse of the case is true if silver can be coined and gold cannot, silver will be worth more than gold."

DR R. L DART QUARRELS WITH ONE OF HIS TENANTS.

Harry Schroyer, the carpet dealer, rents a house from Dr. R. L. Dart, on Allegheny street, Bellefonte. Until a few months ago the Dr. was Harry's next door neighbor in the same block and also his neighbor in the occupation and use of the stable at the lower end of the lot. Lately for some reason the Dr. has made up his mind to refuse the use of the hydrant to Mr. Schroyer and nailed up a partition to prevent his tenant from getting water there. Mr. Schroyer thinks he has a right to the water and has several times taken boards off the partition in order to get to it. One day last week the doctor watched to see who took the boards off the partition. James Barry, a young man who works for Mr. Schroyer, came to the stable with the horse and went for water, was met by Dr. Dart, who forbid him to take water from there. After some smart talk from one to another the Dr. finally assaulted the boy, who went up town and swore out a warrant against his assailant. The Dr. then sued Mr Schroyer for trespass. Able counsel were engaged on both sides and both men are bound over to court.

"ON THE BOWERY"

Do you want it? If you do you can obtain it of T. B. Harms & Co., publishers, New York. "Daddy won't buy me a bow wow," is another of their latest comic songs. Both the above have already become so well known and popular in Bellefonte that they need no words of commendation from us. But for the publishers we desire to say that they can supply you with anything and everything in the music line. If you want music, and good, at popular prices, always up to date. write to T B Harms & Co, for their lists and prices. Always the latest and best in both vocal and instrumental music can be obtained of them. Try it once.

When you want good groceries cheap for cash you will not miss it by going to the Eureka Grocery High St. Bellefonte, next door to Post office. They keep constantly on hand the best in the market and sell at the lowest cash prices.

THE SITUATION IN HAWAII.

It would perhaps be unfair to Minister Blount to accuse him of being connected with a plot to restore the monarchy in Hawaii, but there is at least as much proof of his connection with such a conspiracy as there was of Minister Stevens' participation in the plot to overthrow it. An underlying plot to restore the deposed Queen has been evident from the moment Mr. Blount hauled down the American flag, and some of the men who were and perhaps are still in the scheme managed to get very near to the American Commissioner. For some reason that does not appear on the surface, a New York newspaper of prominence constituted itself the organ of these schemers and for some weeks that journal has not only foreshadowed a restoration of the monarchy, but advocated it.

It must be admitted in justice to Minister Blount that never by any word of his has he justified the suspicions that have been cast upon him, but actions often speak louder than words. His withdrawal of the American protectorate was very much like an invitation to the lower classes in Hawaii to overthrow the provisional government. His ostentatious offer of an asylum to an outspoken enemy of the Hawaiian republic was apparently a sign of his sympathies if not of his intentions. And what made this open interference doubly unfortunate was the fact that at that time this very American citizen in whose behalf he exerted all the powers of a protectorate was voicing the views and interests of Spreckles.

The whole truth about the matter seems to be that Spreckles has been too smart for the American Commissioner and the New York correspondent. Spreckles evidently started in as a revolutionist, but it is now clear enough that he only helped to set up a provisional government in order to knock it down again. At the vital moment he came out flat-footed against annexation, and at once the rumors of a restoration of the monarchy became current. But it seems that the terms upon which Spreckles was willing to restore the monarchy were such that not even Queen Liliuokalani could accept them. This man, whose greed has made the condition of Hawaii what it is, whose plantations have furnished whatever real arguments there were to be urged against annexation, it is now said offered to replace the deposed Queen on the throne if she would turn over to him, at a low rental for a long period of years, large tracts of crown lands that would have made him the virtual king of the Sandwich Islands.

It is quite possible that Claus Spreckels has been fishing for absolute power in Hawaii with an American Commissioner and Minister and a distinguished American journalist for bait.

PENSIONS TO THE NEEDY.

There is at present moment a great hue and outcry against the present pension system and some foolish things are being said on both sides. Tho fact that the annual pension expenditures are now nearing $3000,000,000 and are likely to exceed that sum gives the questions its chief interest. The TRIBUNE has always held that the widow and children of every dead soldier should be provided for in proportion to their necessities; that every survivor of the union army who is actually incapacitated from earning a comfortable living should be provided for by the government, and that a due regard for the welfare of this class, annually growing in number, should either entirely exclude from the roll those who are in receipt of a comfortable income, or reduce the amount paid them to a nominal sum. In other words, the nation's bounty should be distributed among those to whom it would be a real benefaction and not to those who have no actual need of it. The latter may have served their country as faithfully as their brethren who are coming to old age in poverty or helplessness but their need is not so great; in fact, those to whom we allude have no need at all and they ought to be willing that the whole sum voted for pensions shall go to their less fortunate comrades. We cannot imagine anything unreasonable in the suggestion that they add to their past heroism a self sacrifice which will really cost them nothing while it may tend to make the lot of others more tolerable.

The above is copied from the Altoona *Tribune*. There is much good sense in it; we think we cannot see the use of the government giving money to men who already have enough, but to the actually needy soldier the nation should provide generously. The *Tribune* man's head is level we think on this point.

Hon. Christ. McGee, of Pittsburg; Hon. James Patton, of Altoona; Hon. W. L. Elkins, of Philadelphia; Hon. Thomas Collins, of Bellefonte, were here on Thursday and passed over the proposed Electric Railway route from Osceola to Ramey. These gentlemen, it is said, are members of a syndicate which controls the traction companies of New York, Philadelphia, Lancaster and Chicago.—Osceola *Courier*.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

Jacob Mann's Admr. to Z. S. Welch. Dated February 6, 1885. For 100 acres of land in Curtin township. Consideration $1100.

Zara S. Welsh to Sarah F. Welsh. Dated November 1, 1882. For 100 acres of land in Curtin township. Consideration $1700.

W. H. McCausland et ux to T. B. Potter. Dated April 11, 1893. For premises in Philipsburg. Consideration $600.

Jno. W. Robb et ux to Martha Gunsallus. Dated April 10, 1893. For 55 acres and 125 perches and allowance of land in Liberty township. Consideration $2000.

J. Walton Hoop et ux to Josephine Hoop. Dated December 16, 1891. For premises in Philipsburg borough. Consideration $1000.

Lucy Ann Cox to Jessie Cox. Dated May 17, 1893. For lot on Bishop street in Bellefonte borough. Consideration one dollar and other considerations.

Aurand J. Redding et al to David H. Thomas. Dated June 1, 1892. House and lot in Philipsburg borough. Consideration $2300.

Theo. Dehaas et ux to C. W. Rishel. Dated February 3, 1893. For lot on Ninth and streets, Philipsburg borough. Consideration $735.

C. W. Rishel et ux to William Hess. Dated May 8, 1893. Being transfer of above premises. Consideration $750.

Ellen Swires to Abraham and David Kochler. Dated Aprli 8, 1893. For tract of land in Howard township. Consideration $445.09

J W Stam et ux to trustees of Evangelical Association. Dated June 1, 1886. For of ground in Millheim borough. Consideration $311.50.

George Valentine et ux to Sarah M. A. Hayes. For premises in Bellefonte borough. Consideration $12000.

William Felty et ux to Joseph Gasner. For two lots of ground in Spring township. Consideration $200. Dated June 30, 1879.

Joseph Gasner et ux to N. H. Yearick. Dated January 17, 1877. For a lot of ground in Spring township. Consideration $275.

The Lock Haven *Express* says: "That the formal opening of the Clearfield and Mahoning Valley railroad Tuesday was a great event in the history of the section of country through which the road runs, and especially for the borough of Clearfield. The special train over the road was composed of thirteen coaches, and on the arrival of the train at Clearfield there was a grand parade. The new road opens direct communication for Lock Haven, with the west and southwest over the Beech Creek railroad. When the branch of the Beech Creek road is constructed into this city, as it will be in the near future, the people of this city will more fully realize the importance of the line that was opened for freight and passenger traffic Thursday."

A DESPERATE YOUNG LOVER.

John Smith of Philadelphia 18 years old attempted to kill his sweetheart, Emily Ebert, three years younger, because she broke off their engagement on the advice of her father. They were to have been wedded July 5. He pointed a pistol straight at her head and pulled the trigger, but the cartridge failed to explode, and in the rush to escape the girl fell down stairs. Smith then rushed to his home, and was about to end his career when his father discovered his purpose. A terrible struggle for the revolver ensued, in which the father finally won. John is in Jail, Emily is badly bruised, and the elder Smith has a badly cut mouth where his son struck him with the revolver.

A NOVEL swindle is being worked in the interior counties of this and adjoining states. A very clerical looking man appears at the house of a prosperous farmer and announces he is a minister who is going to preach in a neighboring church. Soon after a young couple ride up and ask the farmer to direct them to a minister, as they wish to be married. The preacher offers his service, the ceremony is performed and the minister asks the farmer and his wife to sign the marriage certificate. They readily do so, and soon receive notice of a note in bank. It is a pretty bare hook, but some people take it.

Give the Eureka a call when you want to buy groceries it will pay you. Their store is next door to Post office High St.

—It is all right for a man to insist on having his own way if he would only take it and get a move on.

"YOUR VEST POCKET."

HUMPHRLYS' SPECIFIC NO. SEVEN cures Coughs and Colds. Get a vial at your Druggist's; it's handy to carry in your Vest Pocket—25c.

BOARD OF TRADE.

In last week's REPUBLICAN we published a set of Resolutions offered in Borough council in favor of calling a public meeting looking to the organization of a Board of trade in Bellefonte. Bills calling the meeting were posted over the town and the first meeting was held in the arbitration room in the court house last Thursday evening. George L Potter, Esq., president of the town council, called the meeting to order, and presided over its deliberations. Clement Dale, Esq., was chosen secretary. John C Miller read several letters in which it was stated that several persons were looking about for locations to engage in manufacturing business. It was voted that the chairman appoint a committee of five whose duty it should be to select men as candidates for permanent officers and report at an adjourned meeting to be held Friday evening at eight o'clock. C M Bower, John C Miller, J C Meyer, L T Munson and J A Fiedler ware appointed. The question of precuring a charter was discussed, the old board had a charter and it was thought by some that the same charter could be adopted by the revived organization. On Friday evening a permanent organization was effected by choice of the following officers, which were recommended by the committee: President—James Harris. Vice Presidents—J W Gephart and John Meese. Secretary—James B Strohm. Treasurer—John P Harris.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

—George L Potter, W Fred Reynolds, T A Shoemaker, F W Crider and Hammond Sechler. Speeches were made by E C Humes Esq., president of 1st National Bank; Gen D H Hastings, J W Gephart, and Col William Shortlidge, of the firm of McCalmont & Co. The initiation fee was fixed at $5,00 for each member. About fifty persons signed as members. John C Miller, G H Hayes and J C Meyer were chosen a soliciting committee. C M Bower, W G Morrison, Col. Wm. Shortlidge, J A Fiedler and L T Munson were appointed a committee to draft a set of by laws and secure a charter.

A STYLISH MARRIAGE.

The Andrews—Hale wedding took place in the Episcopal church at Bellefonte yesterday at 12 o'clock, when George Murray Andrews of Belfast, Ireland, was united in marriage to Ellen Lousia Hale, daughter of Mrs. E W Hale, of Bellefonte. Guests from the east, west, north, and south had been coming for the past two days. The Jules Neff orchestra, of Altoona, furnished the music for this important occasion. W Fred Reynolds acted as best man. There were four brides maids, Viz: Miss Ada Lousia Taylor and Miss Mary Curtin Taylor, of Hartford, Conn.; Miss J Lousia Robinson, of Philadelphia, and Miss Caroline M Valentine, of Bellefonte. John Sommerville and John Malcolm Laurie acted as ushers. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Charles R. Hale, D. D., L. L. D., of Cairo, Ill., a cousin of the bride. George H Morgan, of New York, gave away the bride. It was a grand affair at which many society people were present. After the ceremony a breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's mother, on Allegheny St. In the afternoon they started for New York from which port they will sail in a week for Ireland and the continent of Europe. The bridal pair will be accompanied on their honeymoon tour by Mrs. E W Hale, mother of the bride, and Mrs W H Wilkinson.

THE BODY FOUND.

The body of Mrs. Abram Fritz, the woman who left her home in Montgomery on the 14th of last February and whom it is supposed drowned herself while temporarily insane, was found near Lewisburg this morning. Mr. Fritz was sent for and identified the body as that of his wife by the dress. The remains were brought back to Montgomery this afternoon and immediately interred.

The readers of the REPUBLICAN will remember the account of the wandering away from home of Mrs. Fritz last February. She started out one afternoon, as she said to buy provisions. She visited several stores and at the last one, a grocery store, she bought several articles and having them wrapped up she left her pocketbook with them and ordered them sent to her house. About an hour after leaving the store she was seen crossing the railroad bridge below Montgomery. That was the last seen of her alive. Searching parties were sent out for her and the river was dragged for three miles, but not finding her all hopes were given up.

An engineer who works at Lewisburg close to the river bank, noticed a body that had been washed up against the pier of the bridge. Mr. Fritz was sent for, and although the body was in a very bad condition the dress proved sufficient for identification.

The woman was in a delicate condition and it is believed that she drowned herself during a fit of morbidness. She left three children. Mr. Fritz is a painter by trade, but works in a machine shop in Montgomery. The family has always been well respected.

LEE WOODCOCK GRADUATES.

Lee Woodcock, of Bellefonte, graduated this week at Princeton College and his father and mother have gone to see him pass this milestone in the history of his life. It is confidently expected that he will graduate with high honors. He has not only stood first in his classes in school, but he has also won honors as a base ball player. In a contest between Yale and Princeton lately the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says:

Fully 5000 persons were present. The town is full of pretty girls and friends of the students. Yale sent down her strongest team. Princeton was unfortunate in losing Mackenzie, her left fielder, he being unable to play on account of sickness. Trenchard, Princeton's best catcher, had a sore arm and went to right field, and Humphreys took his place behind the bat, Payne going to centre and Woodcock to left.

Yale was first at bat, but did not score. Princeton was retired in one, two, three order. In the second inning, after two were out, Arbuthnot got first on an error by Otto, Kenzie made a hit and Arbuthnot scored on an error of Gunster.

In the fourth inning Speer made a home run for Yale.

In this inning, with two men on bases, Gunster struck out, and in the sixth, with three men on bases, Otto struck out. Thus Princeton lost two good chances to score.

Yale was retired in one, two, three order in the third, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth innings. Princeton was retired in one, two, three order in the first, seventh and eighth innings.

The game was really a battle between the pitchers, but three hits being made off Drake and but six off Carter. Carter struck out thirteen men. The playing of Woodcock in left field was phenomenal. He caught out eight men, made two base hits and had two stolen bases to his credit. Drake, Humphreys and Otto, with Woodcock, did the best work for Princeton, and Carter, Speer and Case for Yale.

Yale was very confident and freely offered odds of 2 to 1, and found plenty of takers.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT PHILIPSBURG.

The regular morning service in the Presbyterian church was suspended in order that the children might celebrate the day. The altar was prettily decorated with foliage and flowers. Superintendent Murray was master of ceremonies. The program used was prepared by Rev. James Worden, D. D., and published by the Presbyterian board of publication. It related chiefly to the observance of the Sabbath day, and the music was very pretty. The exercises by the primary school were very interesting, and the singing by the little tots was fine. Rev. Means made a very appropriate address to the children. The church was crowded.

The Methodist church was handsomely decorated, the United States colors entering largely in to the ornamentation. Superintendent Sanford conducted the exercises, which were according to a program published by Hunt & Eaton. The exercises were very interesting, and the singing was very good, as it always is in anything of this character in the Methodist church. At night Dr. Miller preached to a very large audienec. The sermon was pretty lengthy, but was good, sound gospel preaching, and delivered with great earnestness. Dr. Miller is one of the most earnest preachers that ever occupied the Methodist pulpit. He is a pleasant, genial man and is much liked by the people.—*Philipsbury Ledger.*

BANQUET OF THE CLASS OF 97.

The State College class of 97 held their first annual banquet at the Bush House in Bellefonte last Monday evening. It was half past ten o'clock when the class was shown into the spacious dining hall of the hotel, by landlord Dagget, and sat down to tables filled with all the delicacies of the season consisting of the following.

MENU.

Consomme en tasse

Boiled Kennebec Salmon — Brook Trout

Potatoes Parisienne — Sliced Tomatoes

Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce

Spring Lamb, Currant Jelly — Apollinaris

Green peas — Mashed Pomme de terre

Lettuce — Corn

Chicken Salad — Croquettes

Rolls — Olives — Crackers a la creme

Pineapple Sherbert, — Vanilla Cream

Orange Ice

Strawberries with cream

Chocolate cake — Angel Food

Fruit — Nuts — Raisins

Coffee — Iced Tea — Chocolate

Green Kisses — Lady Fingers

French Philopeans.

George A. Lowell acted as toast master. There was much fun and laughter, followed many with sayings and all had a glorious time.

I.

"It is a terrible sight!" she exclaimed as we left the menagerie of Monsieur Martin.

She had just been witnessing this daring showman "performing" in the cage of his hyena.

"By what means," she went on, "can he have so tamed these animals as to be secure in their affection?"

"What seems to you a problem," I responded, interrupting her, "is in reality a fact of nature."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with an incredulous smile.

"You think, then, that animals are devoid of passions?" I asked her. "You must know that we can teach them all the qualities of civilized existence!"

She looked at me with an astonished air.

"But," I went on, "when I first saw Monsieur Martin, I confess that, like yourself, I uttered an exclamation of surprise. I happened to be standing by the side of an old soldier, whose right leg had been amputated, and who had come in with me. I was struck by his appearance. His was one of those intrepid heads, stamped with the seal of war, upon whose brows are written the battles of Napoleon. About this old soldier was a certain air of frankness and of gayety which always gains my favor. He was doubtless one of those old troopers whom nothing can surprise; who find food for laughter in the dying spasms of a comrade, who gayly despoil and bury him, who challenge bullets with indifference—though their arguments are short enough—and who would hob-nob with the devil. After keenly looking at the showman as he was coming from the cage, my neighbor pursed his lips with that significant expression of contempt which superior men assume, to show their difference from the dupes. At my exclamation of surprise at Monsieur Martin's courage he smiled, and nodding with a knowing air, remarked, 'I understand all that.'

"'How?' I answered. 'If you can explain this mystery to me you will greatly oblige me.

"In a few moments we had struck up an acquaintance, and went to dine at the first restaurant at hand. At dessert a bottle of champagne completely cleared the memory of this strange old soldier. He told this story, and I saw he was right when he exclaimed, 'I understand all that.'"

When we got home, she teased me so, and yet so prettily, that I consented to write out for her the soldier's reminiscences.

The next day she received this episode from an epic that might be called "The French in Egypt."

During the expedition undertaken in Upper Egypt by General Desaix, a Provencal soldier, who had fallen into the hands of the Maugrabins, was taken by these Arabs into the desert beyond the cataracts of the Nile. In order to put between them and the French army a distance to assure their safety, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not halt till night. They then camped by the side of a well, surrounded by a clump of palm-trees, where they had before buried some provisions. Never dreaming that their prisoner would think of flight, they merely bound his hands, and all of them, after eating a few dates, and giving barley to their horses, went to sleep. When the bold Provencal saw his enemies incapable of watching him he picked up a cimeter with his teeth, and then with the blade fixed between his knees, cut the cords that lashed his wrists, and found himself at liberty. He at once seized a carbine and a dagger; provided himself with some dry dates and a small bag of barley, powder and balls; girded on the cimeter, sprang on a horse, and pressed forward in the direction where he fancied the French army must be found. Impatient to regain the bivouac, he so urged the weary horse, that the poor beast fell dead, its sides torn with the spurs, leaving the Frenchman alone in the midst of the desert.

After wandering for some time amid the sand with the desperate courage of an escaping convict, the soldier was forced to stop. Night was closing in. Despite the beauty of the Eastern night, he had not strength sufficient to go on. Fortunately he had reached a height on the top of which were palm trees, whose leaves for some time visible far off, had awakened in his heart a hope of safety. He was so weary that he lay down on a granite stone, oddly shaped like a camp bed, and went to sleep, without taking precaution to protect himself in his slumber. He had sacrificed his life, and his last thought was a regret for having left the Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to please him, now that he was far from them and from all hope of succor.

He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless rays falling vertically upon the granite made it intolerably hot. For the Provencal had been so careless as to cast himself upon the ground in the direction opposite to that on which the green majestic palm-tops threw their shadow. He looked at these solitary trees and shuddered! They reminded him of the graceful shafts surmounted by long foils that distinguish the Saracenic columns of the Cathedral of Arles. He counted the few palms, and then looked about him. A terrible despair seized upon his soul. He saw a boundless ocean. The melancholy sands spread round him, glittering like a blade of steel in a bright light, as far as eye could see. He knew not whether he was gazing on an ocean, or a chain of lakes as lustrous as a mirror. A fiery mist shimmered, in little ripples, above the tremulous landscape. The sky possessed an oriental blaze, the brilliancy which brings despair, seeing that it leaves the imagination nothing to desire. Heaven and earth alike were all aflame. The silence was terrible in its wild and awful majesty. Infinity, immensity, oppressed the soul on all sides; not a cloud was in the sky, not a breath was in the air, not a movement on the bosom of the sand, which undulated into tiny waves. Far away, the horizon was marked off by a line of light as bright and narrow as a sabre's edge.

The Provencal clasped his arms about a palm-tree as if it had been the body

"HE SAW AN ENORMOUS BEAST."

of a bosom friend; then, sheltered by the straight and meagre shadow, he sat down on the granite weeping, and looking with deep dread upon the lonely scene spread out before his eyes. He cried aloud as if to tempt the solitude. His voice, lost in the hollows of the height, gave forth far off a feeble sound that woke no echo; the echo was within his heart.

The Provencal was twenty-two years old. He loaded his carbine.

"Time enough for that!" he muttered to himself, placing the weapon of deliverance on the ground.

Looking by turns at the melancholy waste of sand and at the blue expanse of sky, the soldier dreamed of France. With delight he fancied that he smelt the Paris gutters, and recalled the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his comrades, and the slightest incidents of his life. Then his Southern imagination made him fancy in the play of heat quivering above the plain, the pebbles of his own dear Provence. But fearing all the danger of this cruel mirage, he went down in the direction opposite to that which he had taken when he had climbed the hill the night before. Great was his joy on discovering a kind of grotto, naturally cut out of the enormous fragments of granite that formed the bottom of the hill. The remnants of a mat showed that this retreat had once been inhabited. Then, a few steps further, he saw palm trees with a load of dates. Again the instinct which attaches man to life awoke within his heart. He now hoped to live until the passing of some Maugrabin; or perhaps he would soon hear the boom of cannon, for at that time Bonaparte was overrunning Egypt. Revived by this reflection, the Frenchman cut down a few branches of ripe fruit, beneath whose weight the date-trees seemed to bend, and felt sure, on tasting this unhoped for manna, that the inhabitant of this grotto had cultivated the palm-trees. The fresh and luscious substance of the dates bore witness to his predecessor's care.

The Provencal passed suddenly from dark despair to well-nigh insane delight. He climbed the hill again; and spent the remainder of the day in cutting down a barren palm-tree, which the night before had served him for shelter.

A vague remembrance made him think of the wild desert beasts; and, foreseeing that they might come to seek the spring which bubbled through the sand among the rocks, he resolved to secure himself against their visits by placing a barrier at the door of his hermitage. In spite of his exertions, in spite of the strength with which the fear of being eaten during sleep endued him, it was impossible for him to cut the palm to pieces in one day; but he contrived to bring it down. When, toward evening, the monarch of the desert fell, the thunder of its crash resounded far, as if the mighty solitude had given forth a moan. The soldier shuddered as if he had heard a voice that prophesied misfortune. But like an heir who does not long bewail the death of a relation he stripped the tree of the broad, long, green leaves, and used them to repair the mat on which he was about to lie. At length, wearied by the heat and by his labors, he fell asleep beneath the red roof of his murky grotto.

In the middle of the night he was disturbed by a strange noise. He sat up; in the profound silence he could hear the creature breathing—a savage respiration, which resembled nothing human. Terror, intensified by darkness, silence, and the fancies of one suddenly awakened, froze his blood. He felt the sharp contraction of his scalp, when, as the pupils of his eyes dilated, he saw in the shadow two faint and yellow lights. At first he thought these lights were some reflection of his eyeballs, but soon, the clear brightness of the night helping him to distinguish objects in the grotto, he saw lying at two paces from him an enormous beast.

Was it a lion?—a tiger?—a crocodile? The Provencal was not sufficiently educated to know the species of his enemy, but his terror was all the greater; since his ignorance assisted his imagination. He bore the cruel torture of listening, of marking the caprices of this awful breathing, without losing a sound of it, or venturing to make the slightest movement. A smell as pungent as a fox's, but more penetrating, filled the grotto; and when it entered his nostrils his terror knew no bounds; he could no longer doubt the presence of the terrible companion whose royal den was serving him for a bivouac. Presently the moon, now sinking, lighted up the den, and in the moon-rays gradually shown out a panther's spotted skin.

The lion of Egypt was sleeping, curled up like a great dog who is the peaceable possessor of a sumptuous kennel at a mansion door;' its eyes, which had been opened for one moment, were now closed again. Its face was turned toward the Frenchman.

A thousand troubled thoughts passed through the mind of the panther's prisoner. At first he thought of shooting it; but there was not enough room between them to adjust his gun; the barrel would have reached beyond the animal. And what if he awoke it! This supposition made him motionless. Listening in the silence to the beating of his heart, he cursed the loud pulsations, fearing to disturb the sleep that gave him time to seek some means of safety. Twice he placed his hand upon his cimeter, with the intention of cutting off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting through the short, strong fur compelled him to abandon the idea. To fail was certain death. He preferred the odds of conflict, and determined to await the day-break. And daylight was not long coming. The Frenchman was able to examine the panther. Its muzzle was stained with blood.

"It has eaten plenty," he reflected, without conjecturing that the feast might have been composed of human flesh; "it will not be hungry when it wakes."

It was a female. The fur upon her breast and thighs shone with whiteness. A number of little spots like velvet looked like charming bracelets around her paws. The muscular tail was also white, but tipped with black rings. The upper part of her coat, yellow as old gold, but very soft and smooth, bore those characteristic marks, shaded into the form of roses, which serve to distinguish the panther from the other species of the cat tribe. This fearful visitor was snoring tranquilly in an attitude as graceful as that of a kitten lying on the cushions of an ottoman. Her sinewy, blood-stained paws, with powerful claws, were spread beyond her head, which rested on them, and from which stood out the thin, straight whiskers with a gleam like silver wires.

If she had been imprisoned in a cage, the Provencal would assuredly have admired the creature's grace, and the vivid contrast of color that gave her garment an imperial lustre; but at this moment he felt his sight grow dim at her sinister aspect. The presence of the panther, even sleeping, made him experience the effect which the magnetic eyes of the serpent are said to exercise on the nightingale.

In the presence of this danger the courage of the soldier faltered, although without doubt it would have risen at the cannon's mouth. A desperate thought, however, filled his mind, and dried up at its source the chilly moisture which was rolling down his forehead. Acting as men do who, driven to extremities, at last defy their fate, and nerve themselves to meet their doom, he saw a tragedy in this adventure, and resolved to play his part in it with honor to the last.

"Two days ago," he argued with himself, "the Arabs might have killed me."

Considering himself as good as dead, he waited bravely, yet with restless curiosity, for the awaking of his enemy.

When the sun shone out, the panther opened her eyes suddenly; then she spread out her jaws forcibly, as if to stretch them and get rid of cramp. Then she yawned, showing an alarming set of teeth and an indented, rasp-like tongue. "She is like a dainty lady!" thought the Frenchman, as he saw her rolling over with a gentle, coquettish movement. She licked off the blood that stained her paws and mouth, and rubbed her head with movements full of charm. "That's it! Just beautify yourself a little!" the Frenchmen said, his gayety returning with his courage. "Then we must say good-morning." And he took up a short dagger of which he had relieved the Maugrabins.

At this moment the panther turned her head toward the Frenchman, and looked at him fixedly, without advancing. The rigidity of those metallic eyes, and their insupportable brightness, made the Provencal shudder. The beast began to move toward him. He looked at her caressingly, and fixing his eyes as if to magnetize her, he let her come close up to him; then, with a soft and gentle gesture, he passed his hand along her body, from head to tail, scratching with his nails the flexible vertebræ that divide a panther's yellow back. The beast put up her tail with pleasure; her eyes grew softer; and when for the third time the Frenchman accomplished this self-interested piece of flattery, she broke into a purring like a cat. But this purr proceeded from a throat so deep and powerful that it re-echoed through the grotto like the peals of a cathedral organ. The Provencal, realizing the success of his caresses, redoubled them, until the imperious beauty was completely soothed and lulled.

When he felt sure that he had perfectly subdued the ferocity of his capricious companion, whose hunger had been satisfied so cruelly the night before, he got up to leave the grotto. The panther let him go; but when he had climbed the hill, she came bounding after him with the lightness of a sparrow hopping from branch to branch and rubbed herself against the soldier's leg, arching her back after the fashion of a cat. Then looking at her guest with eyes whose brightness had grown less inflexible, she uttered that savage cry which naturalists have compared to the sound of a saw.

"What an exacting beauty!" cried the Frenchman, smiling. He set himself to play with her ears, to caress her body, and to scratch her head hard with his nails. Then, growing bolder with success, he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, watching for the spot to strike her. But the hardness of the bones made him afraid of failing.

The sultana of the desert approved the action of her slave by raising her head, stretching her neck, and showing her delight by the quietness of her attitude. The Frenchman suddenly reflected that in order to assassinate this fierce princess with one blow he need only stab her in the neck. He had just raised his knife for the attempt, when the panther, with a graceful action, threw herself upon the ground before his feet, casting him from time to time a look in which, in spite of its ferocity of nature, there was a gleam of tenderness.

The poor Provencal, with his back against a palm tree, ate his dates, while he cast inquiring glances, now toward the desert for deliverers, now upon his terrible companion, to keep an eye upon her dubious clemency. Every time he threw away a date stone, the panther fixed her eyes upon the spot with inconceivable mistrust. She scrutinized the Frenchman with a business-like attention; but the examination seemed favorable, for when he finished his poor meal, she licked his boots, and with her rough strong tongue, removed the dust incrusted in their creases.

"But when she becomes hungry?" thought the Provencal.

Despite the shudder this idea caused him, the soldier began examining with curiosity the proportions of the panther, certainly one of the most beautiful specimens of her kind. She was three feet high and four feet long, without the tail. This powerful weapon, as round as a club, was nearly three feet long. The head—large as that of a lioness—was distinguished by an expression of rare delicacy; true, the cold cruelty of the tiger dominated, but there was also a resemblance to the features of a wily woman. In a word, the countenance of the solitary queen wore at this moment an expression of fierce gayety, like that of Nero flushed with wine; she quenched her thirst in blood, and now desired to play.

The soldier tried to come and go, and the panther let him, content to follow him with her eyes, but less after the manner of a faithful dog than of a great Angora cat, suspicious even of the movements of its master. When he turned round he saw beside the fountain the carcass of his horse; the panther had dragged the body all that distance. About two-thirds had been devoured. This sight reassured the Frenchman. He was thus easily able to explain the absence of the panther, and the respect she had shown for him while he was sleeping.

The first piece of luck emboldened him about the future. He conceived the mad idea of setting up a pleasant household life, together with the panther, neglecting no means of pacifying her and of conciliating her good graces. He returned to her, and saw, to his delight, that she moved her tail with an almost imperceptible motion. Then he sat down beside her without fear, and began to play with her; he grasped her paws, her muzzle, pulled her ears, threw her over on her back, and vigorously scratched her warm and silky sides. She let him have his way, and when the soldier tried to smooth the fur upon her paws she carefully drew in her claws, which had the curve of a Damascus blade. The Frenchman, who kept one hand upon his dagger, was still thinking of plunging it into the body of the too-confiding panther; but feared that she would strangle him in her last convulsions. And besides, within his heart there was a movement of remorse that warned him to respect an inoffensive creature. It seemed to him that he had found a friend in this vast desert. Involuntarily he called to mind a woman he once had loved, whom he had sarcastically named "Mignonne," from her jealousy, which was so fierce that during the whole time of their acquaintance he went in fear that she would stab him. This memory of his youth suggested the idea of calling the young panther by this name, whose lithe agility and grace he now admired with less terror.

Toward evening he had become so far accustomed to his perilous position, that he almost liked the hazard of it. At last his companion got into the habit of looking at him when he called in a falsetto voice "Mignonne."

At sundown Mignonne uttered several times a deep and melancholy cry.

"She has been properly brought up," thought the light hearted soldier; "she says her prayers!" But it was, no doubt, her peaceful attitude which brought the jest to mind.

"All right, my little pet; I will let you go to sleep first," he said, relying on his legs to get away as soon as she was sleeping, and to seek some other shelter.

The soldier waited with patience for the hour of flight, and when it came set out at full speed in the direction of the Nile. But he had only gone a quarter of a league across the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals that saw-like cry, more terrible even than the thudding of her leaps.

"Well!" he said to himself, 'she must have taken a fancy to me. Perhaps she has never yet met any one. It is flattering to be her first love!" At this moment the Frenchman fell into a shifting quicksand, so dangerous to the traveler in the desert, escape from which is surely hopeless. He felt that he was sinking; he gave a cry of terror. The panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and springing backward with stupendous vigor drew him from the gulf as if by magic.

"Ah! Mignonne!" cried the soldier, enthusiastically caressing her, "we are friends now for life and death. But no tricks, eh?" and he retraced his steps.

"HE NO LONGER FELT THE SLIGHEST FEAR."

Henceforth the desert was as though it had been peopled. It contained a being with whom he could converse, whose ferocity had been softened for him, without his being able to explain so strange a friendship.

However great was his desire to keep awake and on guard, he fell asleep. On awakening, Mignonne was no longer to be seen. He climbed the hill, and then perceived her afar off, coming along by leaps and bounds according to the nature of these creatures, the extreme flexibility of whose vertebrae prevents their running.

Mignonne came up, her jaws be smeared with blood. She received the caresses of her companion with deep purrs of satisfaction. Her eyes, now full of softness, were turned, with even greater tenderness than the night before, to the Provencal, who spoke to her as a pet.

"Ah! Beauty! you are a respectable young woman, are you not? You like petting, don't you? Are you not ashamed of yourself? You have been eating a Maugrabin! Well! they're animals as you are. But don't you go and gobble up a Frenchman. If you do, I shall not love you!"

She played as a young pup plays with its master, letting him roll over her, beat and pet her; and sometimes she would coax him to caress her with a movement of entreaty.

A few days passed thus. The companionship revealed to the Provencal the sublime beauties of the desert. From the moment when he found within it hours of fear and yet of calm, a sufficiency of food, and a living creature who absorbed his thoughts, his soul was stirred by new emotions. It was a life of contrasts. Solitude revealed to him her secrets, and involved him in her charm. He discovered in the rising and the setting of the sun a splendor hidden from the world of men. His frame quivered when he heard above his head the soft whirr of a bird's wing—rare wayfarer; or when he saw the clouds—those changeful many-colored voyagers—mingle in the depth of heaven. In the dead of night he studied the effects of the moon upon the sea of sand, which the simoom drove in everchanging undulations. He lived with the Oriental day; he marvelled at its pomp and glory; and often, after having watched the grandeur of a tempest in the plain, in which the sands were whirled in dry red mists of deadly vapor, he beheld with ecstasy the coming on of night, for then there fell upon him the benignant coolness of the stars. He heard imaginary music in the sky. Solitude taught him all the bliss of reverie. He spent whole hours in calling trifles to remembrance, in comparing his past life with his strange present. To his panther he grew passionately attached, for he required an object of affection. Whether by a strong effort of his will he had really changed the character of his companion, or whether, thanks to the constant warfare of the desert, she found sufficient food, she showed no disposition to attack him, and at last, in her perfect tameness, he no longer felt the slightest fear.

He spent a great part of his time in sleeping, but ever, like a spider in its web, with mind alert, that he might not let deliverance escape him, should any chance to pass within the sphere described by the horizon. He had sacrificed his shirt to make a flag, which he had hoisted to the summit of a palm tree stripped of leaves. Taught by necessity, he had found the means to keep it spread by stretching it with sticks, lest the wind should fail to wave it at the moment when the hoped-for traveller might be travelling the waste of sand.

It was during the long hours when hope abandoned him that he amused himself with his companion. He had learnt to understand the different inflections of voice, and the expression of her glances; he had studied the varying changes of the spots that starred her robe of gold. Mignonne no longer growled, even when he seized her by the tuft with which her terrible tail ended, to count the black and white rings which adorned it, and which glittered in the sun like precious gems. It delighted him to watch the delicate soft lines of her snowy breast and graceful head. But above all when she was gambolling in her play he watched her with delight, for the agility, the youthfulness of all her movements filled him with an ever-fresh surprise. He admired her suppleness in leaping, climbing, gliding, pressing close against him, swaying, rolling over, crouching for a bound. But, however swift her spring, however slippery the block of granite, she would stop short, without motion, at the sound of the word "Mignonne!"

One day, in the most dazzling sunshine, an enormous bird was hovering in the air. The Provencal left his panther to examine this new visitor; but after waiting for a moment the deserted sultana uttered a hoarse growl.

"Blessed if I don't believe she's jealous!" he exclaimed, perceiving that her eyes were once more hard and rigid. "A woman's soul has passed into her body, that is certain!"

The eagle disappeared in air, while he admired afresh the rounded back and graceful outlines of the panther. She was as pretty as a woman. The blonde fur blended in its delicate graduations into the dull white color of the thighs. The brilliant sunshine made this vivid gold, with spots of brown, take on a lustre indescribable. The Provencal and the panther looked at one another understandingly; the beauty of the desert quivered when she felt the nails of her admirer on her skull. Her eyes gave forth a flash like lightning, and then she closed them hard.

"She has a soul," he cried, as he beheld the desert queen in her repose, golden as the sands, white as their blinding lustre, and like them, fiery and alone.

"Well," she said to me, "I have read your pleading on behalf of animals. But what was the end?"

"Ah! They ended as all great passions end—through a misunderstanding. Each thinks the other guilty of a falsity, each is too proud for explanation, and obstinacy brings about a rupture."

"And sometimes in the happiest moments," she said, "a look, an exclamation, is enough! Well, what was the end of the story?"

"That is difficult to tell, but you will understand what the old fellow had confided to me, when, finishing his bottle of champagne, he exclaimed, 'I don't know how I hurt her, but she turned on me like mad, and with her sharp teeth seized my thigh. The action was not savage; but fancying that she meant to kill me I plunged my dagger into her neck. She rolled over with a cry that froze my blood; she looked at me in her last struggles without anger. I would have given everything on earth, even my cross, which then I had not won, to bring her back to life. And the soldiers who were hastening to my succor, found me bathed in tears.

"'Well, sir,' he went on, after a moment's silence, 'since then I have been through the wars of Germany, Spain, Russia, France; I have dragged my carcass round the world; but there is nothing like the desert in my eyes! Ah! it is beautiful—superb."

"'What did you feel there?' I inquired of him.

"'Oh! that I cannot tell you. Besides I do not always regret my panther and my clump of palm trees. I must be sad at heart for that. But mark my words. In the desert, there is everything and there is nothing.'"

"'Explain yourself.'

"'Well,' he continued, with a gesture of impatience, 'it is God without man.'"

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THE BATTLE OF BALTIMORE.

How the Sixth Massachusetts Made its Way Through the Rebel City.

The sixth Massachusetts has the honor of being the first regiment which mustered and marched to the defense of the capital. The regiment first to report for duty was destined to meet a bloody check in Baltimore. Passing through Philadelphia, where it was received with welcome, and quickly dispatched, by railway, with God-speed, it crossed, in the night to stormier fortune, the boundary which separated slavery from freedom, and arrived at the Baltimore station on the morning of the 19th. Upon the arrival of the long train containing the Massachusetts regiment, which was at about 10 o'clock in the morning, a threatening crowd gathered around the station. It grew apace, and was plainly bent on mischief. The troops remained in the cars; and, could an engine have been at once attached to the train, they might have passed on unmolested; but a city ordinance required that, within certain limits, the cars should be drawn through the streets by horses, which, of course, separated them from each other; and of this separation and slow movemnnt the mob was quick to take advantage. Threats and curses had been heaped upon the militia for their first appearance; but words were soon accompanied by deeds. The horses were seized, impediments were thrown upon the track, and at last the cars were pelted with paving-stones. The police, though in considerable force, were either in such insufficient numbers or so luke-warm in their duty (perhaps both conditions may be assumed) that the riot met no check; but the drivers whipped up their horses—the momentum of the cars was too great for the crowds to withstand—and in this manner nine of the eleven cars occupied by the Massachusetts regiment pushed through, and escaped with their freight of quiet, unresisting soldiers. But the mob increased in activity and daring as well as in numbers; some heavy anchors near by were dragged up and thrown across the track; and the movement of the last two cars, which contained four companies, became so difficult, and their situation so dangerous, that it was determined that the men should alight and march to the Washington station. They filed out of the cars and formed amid howls of defiance and derision, mingled with cheers for the south, for Jefferson Davis, for South Carolina and secession, and groans for Massachusetts and the president of the United States, under the name of Abe Lincoln. The colonel of the regiment was with the companies in the advance; and the officers of those thus left behind, holding a hurried consultation, devolved the command of their detachment upon Captain Albert S. Follansbee, of Lowell. He wheeled his men into column, and began the march in close order. Stones, bricks and every missle at hand soon flew thick and fast, and men armed with pistols and muskets began to appear in the ever increasing mob. To that which had gathered immediately around the station another now was added. A large tumultuous crowd, headed by the insurgent flag, rushed down the street in face of the troops, shouting to them to turn back, and threatening death to every "white nigger" of them who should attempt to reach the other station. But Captain Follansbee, calling upon the police to lead the way, he and his little band kept on their march, steady and unresisting. They had gone but a short distance when their progress was retarded and their lines broken by a small bridge, from which the mob had torn up the planks; but the soldiers jumped from timber to timber, and got over, though in confusion. Many of them had by this time been severely hurt, and now two were struck down and effectually put hors de combat by missiles, which came thicker and faster than ever. A shot was at last fired into their ranks, and Captain Follansbee, thinking that the assault had been borne long enough, ordered his men to cap their pieces and defend themselves. The order was instantly obeyed, and with deadly effect; but the fire was returned with guns and pistols as well as with paving stones. The mayor of Baltimore now placed himself at the head of the little column, and endeavored to restrain the rioters by a bold exertion of his authority; but the protection which the municipal power of Baltimore had often before failed to afford to its own citizens it could not extend to strangers under these strange circumstances. The mayor's efforts proved futile, his position became dangerous, and he retired baffled, though not dismayed. The mob had now become a vast surging mass of infuriated men. Its numbers were estimated at from eight to 10,000; but it has been found that in such conjectures numbers are usually exaggerated to three times the truth, and this case was not at all an exception to the rule. Yet it may be safely assumed that the Massachusetts men, who were little more than 100 strong (the entire body consisted of 860, rank and file), were now making their way through 3000 rioters. They kept together, however, in close ranks, opposing obedience and endurance to lawlessness and fury, wheeling upon their assailants and firing only when the attack became too severe to be born without resistance; and in this manner they fought their way, with patient valor, one mile through the raging throng to the Washington station. But they had not yet escaped the perils of Baltimore. They and the rest of the regiment which had preceded them were enabled, indeed, by the exertions of the police and by their own large and well-armed numbers, to take the Washington cars, and the train was detained for some time, in hopes that the mob would now disperse; but it still increased, and, as it dared not face the muskets of a whole regiment, it turned its energies to the destruction of the train. The crowd dashed off upon the track in such numbers that, in the words of an eye witness, for a mile it was black with an excited, rushing mass. Great logs and telegraph poles, which required a dozen men to move them, were now thrown upon the rails, and rocks were rolled down upon the track from the embankment. Attempts were made to tear up the rails, and a cry was raised for pickaxes and crowbars; but only one or two could be found so suddenly. The police now in large force, went forward and removed the obstructions, and the train, under a discharge of revolvers and stones, steamed slowly after; but the mob kept ahead of the police, continuing its destructive efforts. This dreadful scene covered a space of a mile or more; and the exertions, though not the fury of the rioters, ceased only from physical exhaustion. At last the track was clear; and the citizen soldiers, who had so promptly obeyed the orders of the elected chief magistrate of the nation, were borne swiftly beyond reach of their infuriated countrymen to the defense of their common capital.

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How many remedies there are which merely relieve without uprooting disease. The contrast with sterling medicines which such paliatives afford, not only enhances the dignity of the former, but serves to emphasize the folly of employing half-way measures when thorough ones are available. A marked instance of this is the effect, on the one hand, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of chills and fever and billious intermittent, and on the other of ordinary remedies in maladies of this type. By the Bitters, malarial complaint in every stage, and of the most malignant type, are completely conquered and lose their hold upon the system. They are rarely, if ever, dislodged by the ordinary resources of medicine, although their symptoms may unquestionably be mitigated through such means. The same holds good of indigestion, billiousness, kidney complaint, rheumatism, nervousness and debility. By the Bitters they are cured when many remedies fail.

HIS IMPRISONMENT.

A case was on trial in a Kentucky court room. An old man of somewhat disreputable appearance had just given important testimony, and the lawyer whose cause suffered by his statements strove in every way to confuse and trip him, but in vain. The witness stuck to his story and did not lose his temper in spite of the irritating manner in which the cross examination was conducted.

Finally, in the hope of breaking down the credibility of the witness, the lawyer at a venture asked:

"Have you ever been in prison?"

"I have," replied the witness.

"Ah," exclaimed the attorney, with a triumphant glance at the jury, "I thought as much. May I inquire how long you were there?"

"Two years and three months," answered the witness quietly, with a manner that was interpreted by the lawyer as indicating chagrin at an unexpected exposure.

"Indeed," said the delighted lawyer, feeling his case already won. "That was a heavy sentence. I trust the jury will note the significance of the fact. Now, sir, tell the jury where you were confined."

"In Andersonville," replied the old man, drawing himself up proudly.

There was a moment of silence, the jurors looked at each other, and then the courtroom rang with cheers which the court officers were powerless to check, and in which some of the jury joined.

The too inquisitive lawyer hardly waited to hear the verdict against him.—*Youth's Companion.*

—The enterprising dentist is never appalled at running against a snag.

—During courtship a young man devotes much of his time to holding his own.

—When money is "tight" it proves that it is abundantly able to take care of itself.

Woman's Mistake.

She tries to do too much.

This applies to all women.

The ambitious girl striving for school honors. The busy house wife, the shop girl, the society woman.

What follows?

Nervous prostration, excitability, fainting spells, dizziness, sleeplessness, backache, and most likely organic diseases of the uterus or womb, causing bearing-down pains and irregularity.

Oh! women, if you must bring upon yourself these troubles, remember that *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* has done more to relieve such suffering than anyotherremedy.

"It cured me, and will you."—

Mrs. Jennie L. Kearl, 1135 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Yours for Health. *Lydia E. Pinkham*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Liver Pills, 25 cents.

DANIEL F. BEATTY ARRESTED.

There are many people in Centre county who have in years past been induced by flattering circulars and advertisements to purchase organs from Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey. How they have been satisfied with their purchases we have never learned. The REPUBLICAN has had many offers from this firm to advertise their organs, but we have always refused for the reason that we did not think he was doing a square business. It seems now that our suspicions may have been correct for last Thursday he was arraigned before United States Commissioner Shields for alleged violation of the postal laws and was held in $1,000 bail to answer. The complaint against Mr. Beatty is that on February 1 last he sent a circular through the mails to W. A. Cooley, a clerk in the post-office at South Norwalk, Conn., by which the latter was induced to buy a cabinet organ for $50 which the dealer said was worth $100, but which, as a matter of fact is said to be worth only $15. That is just what we thought.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON

{SEAL}

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

You have noticed

that some houses always seem to need repainting; they look dingy, rusted, faded. Others always look bright, clean, fresh. The owner of the first "economizes" with "cheap" mixed paints, etc.; the second paints with

Strictly Pure White Lead

The first spends three times as much for paint in five years, and his buildings never look as well.

Almost everybody knows that good paint can only be had by using strictly pure White Lead. The difficulty is lack of care in selecting it. The following brands are strictly pure White Lead, "Old Dutch" process; they are standard and well known—established by the test of years:

"Armstrong & McKelvy"
"Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock"
"Davis-Chambers"

For any color (other than white) tint the Strictly Pure White Lead with National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, and you will have the best paint that it is possible to put on a building.

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.
Pittsburgh Branch,
National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

C

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

BETTON'S PILE SALVE

A Positive Cure FOR PILES.

In use over 50 years. Simple, Effective, Wonderful. Highest testimonials. At druggists, or mailed on receipt of price—50c. per box.

WIRKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO., Props., Baltimore, Md.

There's no such thorough cleanser of dirt, or healer of cuts and bruises as

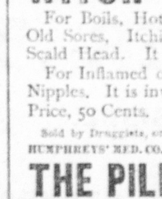
KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND WHITE SOAP

because of its high percentage of tar.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

White Russian Soap Specially Adapted for Use in Hard Water.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

The Consumptive and Feeble and all who suffer from exhausting diseases should use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Female Weakness, Rheumatism and Pain. 50c. & $1.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

HUMPHREYS'

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequaled.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

THE PILE OINTMENT

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, languid feeling; inaction of the kidneys weakens and poisons the blood and unless cause is removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Brights Disease and Dropsy—MRS. I. L. C. MILLER, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE CO., 720 Vonnage St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by all Reliable Druggists. 24.14.26t.eow

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Billiousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More Ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine.

YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON D. C.

DR. THEEL

538 North Fourth St. below Green, Philadelphia, Pa. After the self-styled great and famous specialists, the hospital and college professors, and family physicians have failed to cure you of Syphilis, Stricture, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Discharges, Boils, Swellings, Loss of Power and Decay, Effects of Indiscretion, Debility, Want of Confidence, etc., then go and consult Dr. Theel, the only true advertising specialist, who studied Homeopathic, Allopathic and Eclectic systems of medicine. 6 years' European Hospital and 26 years' practical experience. He does not guarantee, but he cures. Send 10 cts. in 2-ct. stamps for book "Truth," the only true medical book advertised, the friend of suffering humanity from any special disease. Hours, 9 to 2; evenings, 6 to 8; Wed. and Sat. evenings, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12. No deceit, no false representation. The worst cases solicited. For references see Wed. and Sat. Phila. Times.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We furnish an expensive outfit and all you need free. It costs nothing to try the business. We will treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Any one any where can earn a great deal of money. Many have made **Two Hundred Dollars a Month.** No class of people in the world are making so much money without capital as those at work for us. Business pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered to agents. You have a clear field, with no competition. We equip you with everything, and supply printed directions for beginners which, if obeyed faithfully, will bring more money than will any other business. Improve your prospects! Why not? You can do so easily and surely at work for us. Reasonable industry only necessary for absolute success. Pamphlet circular giving every particular is sent free to all. Delay not in sending for it.

GEORGE STINSON & CO., Box No. 488, Portland, Me.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating, Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 310 W. 49th St., N.Y.

Cures Sick Headache

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
			WESTWARD	
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 25	4 15
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 29	4 18
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 31	4 21
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 42	4 33
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 50	9 45	4 45
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 54	4 50
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	10 02	4 57
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 09	4 [illegible]
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 18	5 15
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 28	5 25
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 28	5 28
Snow Shoe Int	24.5	5 48	10 43	5 43
Unionville	28.5	5 56	10 51	6
Julian	32.9	6 05	11 00	6
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 09	6
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 25	6
Fowler—f	45.6	6 30	11 29	6
Dix—f	48.3	6 32	11 32	6
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 38	11 38	6
Vail	51.2	6 42	11 43	6
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6
TYRONE	54.3	6 52	11 55	6
STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
			EASTWARD	
TYRONE		8 10	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	3 24	7 39
Dix—f	8.0	8 30	3 30	7 45
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 33	7 48
Port Matilda	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 52
Martha	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 59
Julian	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 07
Unionville	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 16
Snow Shoe Int	25.5	9 10	4 10	8 25
Milesburg	29.5	9 18	4 17	8 32
BELLEFONTE	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 35
Milesburg	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 45
Curtin	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 00
Mt Eagle—f	34.4	9 56	4 46	9 07
Howard	36.6	10 02	4 50	9 15
Eagleville—f	39.8	10 09	4 57	9 22
Beech Creek	44.4	10 17	5 15	9 39
Mill Hall	48.0	10 29	5 08	9 35
Flemington	51.3	10 31	5 [illegible]	9 44
LOCK HAVEN	52.5	10 34	5 24	9 47
	54.3	10 37	5 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward Dis.		Stations	Dis.	Eastward
P.M	A.M			A.M P.M
4 50	10 00	SCOTIA	25.5	9 21 4 40
5 05	10 18	5.3 Fairbrook	25.3	9 09 4 25
5 15	10 28	8.7 Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56 4 15
5 21	10 34	10.6 Hostler f	15.0	8 50 4 08
5 26	10 46	12.3 Marengo f	13.8	8 48 4 03
5 32	10 52	13.5 Loverille f	12.1	8 37 3 75
5 39	10 58	15.2 Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31 3 49
5 43	11 02	15.8 Dungarvin	9.8	8 27 3 44
5 53	11 10	18.2 Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19 3 36
6 03	11 20	20.5 Pennington	5.1	8 10 3 30
6 15	11 32	23.5 Stover	2.1	7 58 3 10
6 25	11 40	25.6 TYRONE		7 50 3 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.35 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.05 p m.

LEWISBURG & MIDDLETOWN R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Dis.	Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
.0	5.40	2 00		MONTANDON	5.30	9.10	4 55
1.5	6.15	2.08	Ar.	LEWISBURG.	Lv	5.20	9.00	4 47
1.5	6.15	2.08	Lv.	LEWISBURG.	Ar	.....	9.00	4 47
5.4	6.23	2.17		Biehl f		.....	8.52	4.39
6.8	6.28	2.22		Vicksburg f		.....	8.47	4.35
10.7	6.37	2.31		MIFFLINBURG		.....	8.38	4 27
13.1	6.42	2.36		Barber f		.....	8.33	4 22
15.2	6.47	2.41		Swengle f		.....	8.27	4 17
15.1	7.50	3.44		Millmont		.....	8.25	4.15
18.6	7.58	3.51		GLEN IRON		.....	8.17	4 07
23.5	7.07	3.00		Pardee f		.....	8.08	3.59
28.9	7.18	3.11		Cherry Run f		.....	7.57	3.48
32.2	7.27	3.20		Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		.....	7.48	3.40
33.9	7.31	3.23		Ingleby f		.....	7.45	3.37
36.6	7.38	4.30		Coburn		.....	7.38	3.30
39.6	7.45	4.37		Zerby f		.....	7.30	3.23
43.4	7.55	4.47		Rising Springs		.....	7.21	3.14
46.2	8.02	4.53		Penn's Cave f		.....	7.14	3.07
49.2	8.09	4.01		CENTRE HALL		.....	7.06	3.01
51.6	8.16	4.07		Gregg f		.....	7.00	2.54
54.6	8.23	4.13		Linden Hall		.....	6.52	2 47
56.7	8.2	4.18		OAK HALL		.....	6.47	2 42
58.3	8.32	4.22		LEMONT		.....	6.43	2 37
60.2	8.37	4.27		Dale Summit f		.....	6.38	2.33
63.9	8.47	4.37		Pleasant Gap f		.....	6.28	2 23
65.2	8.50	4.40		Axeman f		.....	6.25	2.20
67.4	8.55	4.45		BELLEFONTE		.....	6.24	2.15

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt. Asst. Manager.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD					WESTWARD				
12	10	8	1	2	1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	am	pm	pm
6 25	3 50	9 05	Bellefont		6 50	10 30			4 40
6 28	3 44	8 59	Coleville		6 57	10 35			4 45
6 25	3 41	8 56	Morris		6 43	10 38			4 48
6 22	3 38	8 52	Whitmer		6 44	10 43			4 51
6 19	3 35	8 49	Linns		6 47	10 46			4 54
6 17	3 33	8 47	Hunters		6 50	10 48			4 56
6 14	3 31	8 44	Fillmore		6 53	10 52			5 00
6 11	3 28	8 40	Sellers		6 57	10 55			5 03
6 09	3 26	8 38	Briarly		7 00	10 58			5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29		5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35		5 30		
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumrine	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on R. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on R. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

		WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 20	p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 33	a m
"	" William'sport "	7 10	a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31	a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55	a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40	p m
NIAGRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys.	8 50	a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 10	p m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 00	p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10	p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15	p m
"	" Kane "	9 20	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 15	p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days.	11 40	a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45	p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02	p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00	p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia daily	4 30	a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10	a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20	a m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven	12 15	p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'vs Phila. week days	4 35	p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 55	p m
"	" arrive Williamsport	10 40	p m
Rochester Exp.	leaves Phila. w'k d's	9 20	p m
"	" Harrisb'g	12 20	a m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	3 35	a m
Williamsp't	" leaves Phila. Sun. only	2 25	p m
"	" Harrisb'g	5 25	p m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	8 35	p m
		EASTWARD.	
Sea Shore Express	l'vs L Haven w	7 15	a m
"	" " Jersey Shore.	7 41	a m
"	" " Wms'port	8 15	a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	11 30	a m
"	" " Phila	3 00	a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 50	a m
"	" Renovo	10 20	a m
"	" Lock Haven	11 20	a m
"	" Williamsport	12 30	p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 30	p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50	p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	3 25	p m
"	" Renovo	10 35	p m
"	" Lock Haven	11 25	p m
"	" Williamsport	12 25	p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 22	p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50	p m
EXP. NO. 8	leaves Erie	7 25	a m
"	" Kane	11 10	a m
"	" leaves Renovo	4 45	p m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	10 05	p m
"	" Philadelphia	4 25	a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	lv's Wms'port	3 25	a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	6 10	a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia	10 20	a m
Philada. Accom.	leaves Williamsp't	4 00	p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 30	p m
"	" arrives Philada. at	10 35	p m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

ISON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash EDWARD T. TUTEN.

THE NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Graduating Dresses: Wedding Costumes: Combinations Of Black And White: Tennis Or Yachting Suits: Shade Hats.

For graduating dresses, nothing is prettier than white dotted Swiss muslin, with one or more ruffles on the skirt, plain or edged by Valenciennes lace, full waist cut half high at the neck; puffed sleeves to the elbow and belt fastened at the back or side by a large rosette. Crepon with tiny silk embroidered crescent, or silk dotted nun's veiling are very appropriate as well, and to these materials, plain skirts and silk waist trimmings are best adapted. White satin striped grenadine is another suitable fabric, and a pretty foot trimming is a box plaited grenadine ruching, the corsage having a lace or grenadine frill, edged with a puff and standing ruffle, put on in round yoke shape, with puffed elbow sleeves. The larger proportion of graduating dresses are cut somewhat low at the neck with elbow sleeves, but high neck and long sleeves are simply a matter of individual taste. Where expense is not considered, silk linings are always used, but are by no means obligatory.

Satin Is Really

the leading material for wedding dresses, at the same time crepe de Chine possesses the great advantage of being suitable for any evening entertainment. The skirt of a crepe de Chine dress, recently made for an out of town wedding, was trimmed with a very full ruching tacked in points, and over the full waist, two embroidered chiffon frills outlined a round yoke; a third frill falling from inside a rather low neck, and puffed sleeves were finished off with similar chiffon frills.

The Latest Caprice

is black satin trimmed with white silk, butter-color or cream tinted lace, and jet yokes over cream lace, or guipure lace yokes over black, edged at front and back by jet "rain fringe," are very striking. Accordion plaited flounce of Brussels met on black satin, are edged by white guipure lace, or numerous rows of white lace insertion on black satin are seen; care should be taken however to guard against too much white in these combination costumes Puffed sleeves are trimmed by lengthwise or crosswise rows of insertion, diagonal insertion also, are used on close sleeves below the elbow. Reductions in dress fabrics being made by all large establishments, shopping may now be done at great advantage, and connoisseurs in the matter of perfumes do not fail to take with them to the country, a supply of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water, is refreshing and delightful in the oppressive summer weather. Do not overlook it in making your purchases.

The Skirts of Tennis Or Yachting Suits.

are about two inches from the ground, and not more than four yards in width, trimmed with from three to nine satin folds, or a bias flounce headed by satin ribbon over in a fold White serge, cashmere or challi are most stylish, still blue or crimson are much more serviceable than white. Eton jackets, or round waists with belts are stylish, and large turn-down collars meeting the front revers are termed double revers. A broad brimmed sailor hat or yatching cap are most popular.

Leghorns Trimmed With Large Roses

are the leading style in shade hats, six or seven roses with half-blown buds and foliage, being no exaggeration. Small flowers also, such as lilacs, lilies-of-the-valley are very fashionable, and one very large crimson or pink rose among small flowers is quite effective. White "rough and ready straws," strimmed in similar style are much in favor and not so expensive as Leghorns. Shirred mull hats trimmed with large plain or accordion-plaited mull bows and gauze pompons, are brought out in a great variety of light shades for young persons and in black or navy-blue for middle-aged ladies.

VERONA CLARKE.

If you are tired and never hungry, Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you feel strong and well, and give you a hearty appetite.

—Two hundred dogs are annually doomed to death in an English university for physiological experiments.

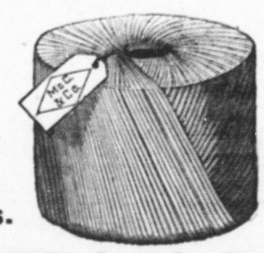
BINDER TWINE!

SISAL.

STANDARD.

MANILLA.

Largest Stock. Best in Quality. Lowest in Prices.



Ask for Prices before - - - - BUYING.

McCALMONT & CO., Bellefonte, Pa.

WHEN YOU NEED

CLOTHING

COME TO SEE US.

We have the Largest Stock that can be found in this part of the State.

We have Boys' Suits from $1.25 up to the finest.

We have Men's Suits from 3.00 up to the finest, to 15.00 and 20.00.

We have the biggest line of young men's stylish suits—brown cheviot, black cheviot, blue cheviot, at 8.00, 10.00 and 12.00.

We have all the new style Serge Suits, black, blue, brown, mixed, at 6.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 12.00 & 15.00.

We are sole agents for the Douglas Shoes, for boys and men, every pair warranted. Boys 1.75, 2.00, 2.50; Mens 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00. If they do not give you satisfaction, get another pair.

We have tan and russet shoes for boys and girls, men and women.

We have the greatest line of Dry Goods and Dress Goods—ginghams, sateens, serges, tricots, &c.

Ladies Blazers from 2.00 up.

LADIES COATS AND WRAPS, 50 different styles, with or without capes, 2.00, 2,50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00.

SEND FOR SAMPLES OF DRESS GOODS.

LYON & CO

A BIG BREAK IN FREIGHT RATES.

Some Cuts that May Disturb Two Powerful Associations.

NEW YORK, June 10.—There has been a big reduction of freight rates out of New York to all Mississippi river points. This may well be regarded as the first serious menace to rates in the territory of the Trunk Line Association and that of the Central Traffic Association.

The cuts made by the Southern and Canadian Pacific companies affect only Pacific coast traffic and do not disturb the situation in the east. The reductions made were by the Kanawha Despatch and Savannah steamship line. They made a clean cut of fifty per cent on dry goods and certain other first-class products from this city to the Mississippi river, which is the junction point between the eastern and western associations.

The Savannah line's rate is 36 cents per 100 pounds, the old rate being 72 cents. The Kanawha Despatch, which runs over the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, went one better and put in a rate of 35 cents. The National Despatch, which is a Grand Trunk line, anticipated the low rates of the above mentioned companies by announcing on Wednesday a rate of 50 cents. Its former rate was 82.

The object is to reach points west of the Mississippi river, so that the standard rates of the western railroads have to be added to these reduced rates. From the Mississippi river to Kansas City, for example, the first-class rate is 55 cents.

The same rate cutters have also reduced the tariff on all cotton goods from the mills. The National Despatch has put into effect a 33 cent rate between New York and the Mississippi river, and its competitors are shipping goods for 28 cents.

WHITE LEAD WORKS IN ASHES.

Philadelphia Visited by a Disastrous Blaze.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10.—The Philadelphia whiting works, at No. 2609 East York street, of which George W. MacKenzie is the sole proprietor, were totally destroyed by fire yesterday, causing a loss which is estimated at $40,000.

The building was a one-story stone and brick structure with a large frame loft used in the process of manufacturing white lead. Twenty men were employed in the building, working night and day. The night gang left for their homes, and when the day force arrived the building was in flames.

The blaze was discovered by a private watchman, who notified Officer Hoffman, and an alarm was sounded, but on the arrival of the engines the flames had made such headway that nothing could be saved.

A strange feature in connection with the fire, and one which points to incendiarism, is the fact that the flames broke out in the room in which the white lead is dried by cold air.

There was no stove or fire of any kind in this room when the night force left, and Mr. MacKenzie expressed the belief that the place was deliberately set on fire.

The building, which is owned by E. A. Jessup, was damaged to the extent of about $5,000. The loss on the machinery and stock is estimated at $35,000, on which there is an insurance of $25,000.

A Deserter and Forger in the Toils.

NEW YORK, June 9.—John S. Yardley, a deserter from the United States army, was held here before Commissioner Shields yesterday on a charge of forgery. Yardly came here about a year ago from Maddison Barricks to get his pay, and received from Paymaster John B. Kiefer a check for $78.40. He raised the check to $878.40, got it cashed and deserted.

Courted in the Courtroom.

PARIS, June 10.—It appears that the sometimes monotonous sessions of the Behring sea tribunal have not been without romance. It was in the Behring sea courtroom that Mr. Edmund A. Benedict, of New York, and Miss Janette, Major Halford's only daughter, carried on their courting, which resulted in their marriage at Nottingham.

Counterfeiting English Notes.

CHICAGO, June 10.—Fred Kreuger and George Smith were arrested at No. 9 Loomis place yesterday. In the room a press and apparatus for making counterfeits of the Bank of England notes were found.

Bookmaker White Discharged.

LONDON, June 10.—James White, bookmaker, arrested on the charge of having been concerned in the robbery of jewels from the Countess of Flanders, was discharged yesterday.

Building Trades Strike Ordered.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 10.—The Building Trades council here has ordered a strike of all union men affiliated with it in any job on which a non-union plasterer is at work.

Two Strikers Killed.

CHICAGO, June 10.—Latest advices from the riot yesterday afternoon on the drainage canal, say two strikers were killed and twenty injured and thirty-two taken prisoners.

THE MARKET REPORT.

Philadelphia Produce Market.

PHILADELPHIA, June 13.—Cotton sold in a small way on a basis of 8¼c. per pound for middling uplands.

Feed was in good supply, dull and weak. Winter bran ranged from $15.00 to 16.00 per ton.

Flour—Local jobbers bought only from hand-to-mouth, but prices were well sustained, as follows: Minnesota clears and straights at $2.75a3.75; Pennsylvania roller straight at $3.15a3.35; western winter clears and straights at $2.90a3.50; winter Patents at $3.60a4.00; spring do. at $4.00a4.25; and favorite brands at higher prices.

Rye Flour was quiet at $3.05 to $3.10 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania.

Grain—On call Wheat had 69¼c bid for June; 70¼c July; 71¾c. August; 73¼c September.

Corn—46¾c bid for June; 47¼c July; 47¾c August; 48c September.

Oats—39¼c. June; 39c July; and 35c for August; 35c September.

Butter—Market firm but quiet; Pennsylvania creamery extra, 20c; do. prints extra, wholesale, 21c; do. jobbing, 22a25c.

Eggs—Market quiet and steady; Pennsylvania firsts, 16c.

Cheese—Market steady; New York factory, 8¼a9¾c; part skims, 5a7c.

Potatoes are fairly active and steady; Early Rose, choice and fancy, 80a85c; do. New York best, 80a85; Burbank and White Star choice, 85a90c; do. fair to good, 75a80c.

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, June 13.—Wheat—Market quiet and ¼c advance. No. 2 red 72c per bushel in store. No. 1 northern 71¾c delivered.

Corn—Market strong at 1c. decline. No. 2, 48¾c per bushel, delivered.

Oats—Market firm. No. 2 mixed, 37¼c per bushel in elevator. No. 2 white, 40c.

Rye—Market dull. No. 2, 61a62 per bushel delivered.

East Liberty Live Stock Market.

EAST LIBERTY, June 13.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,510 head; shipments, 360 head; market shade off from last week's prices on all grades.

Hogs—Receipts, 5,000 head; shipments, 3,600 head; market slow; fair light to best heavy, $7a7.20.

Sheep—Receipts, 2,400 head; shipments, 2,400 head; market slow at 100 to 50c off from last week's prices.

HE TRIED TO SELL THE HORSES.

A Reading Liveryman Comes Near Losing a Valuable Team.

READING, June 14.—Monday evening a man who gave his name as John Schaeffer called upon Alfred Glase, liveryman, and represented that John Harbster, of the Reading Hardware Company, wanted a double team to go to Fredericksburg at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Glase gave instructions to one of his men to the effect that Mr. Harbster should have the best team in his stable. At the hour stated Schaeffer called at the stable and said he would take the team to Mr. Harbster's residence.

He was given the team, but instead of taking it to Mr. Harbster's drove to Pottstown, where, it is alleged, he offered it for sale to a liveryman for $150. The latter, suspecting something wrong, notified Chief Cullen, who at once informed Mr. Glase. A warrant was sworn out before Alderman Schrader for the arrest of Scheaffer, and Constable Wagner left for Pottstown yesterday afternoon. Mr. Glase also accompanied the constable, and brought the team home late last evening.

The Defendant Made a Bad Mistake.

NORRISTOWN, June 9.—During the session of criminal court here the defendant in a laceny case plead guilty without waiting for the formalities of an indictment by the grand jury. Shortly afterwards the grand jury, ignorant of the action in the case, ignored the bill of indictment, and the culprit would have been discharged. Afterwards, learning of the situation, they concluded that they had not given justice a fair show. They reconsidered the bill and indicted the accused, who, evidently guilty, had taken it for granted that the grand jury would find a true bill.

Sentenced to Prison.

NORRISTOWN, June 10.—Judge Swartz yesterday sentenced the following persons convicted during the week to the Eastern penitentiary: Charles Holland, of Port Kennedy, aggravated assault and battery on William Kaufman, two years and nine months; John Travis, larceny, one year and three months; Peter Conner, larceny of brass journals along a railroad, three years; Angelo Desmont, same offense, two years; Samuel Cogan, receiving stolen goods, two years and six months; Charles Whipple, receiving stolen goods, two years.

Miller Goes to Prison for One Year.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10.—Thomas W. Miller, the police officer who pleaded guilty on Monday last to the larceny of a $60 watch from the Aldine hotel while on duty there during the recent fire, was yesterday brought up before Judge Bregy for sentence. Attorney Zeigler made another appeal for mercy in behalf of the prisoner, who had previously borne an exceptionally good character and had a wife and family dependent on him for support. Miller was sentenced to one year in the county prison.

Seven Barns Were Burned.

YORK, June 10.—A destructive fire broke out in this city in the barn of E. I. Kraber and seven barns were consumed. They were the property of William Eyster, E. I. Kraber, Mrs. Shetter, George Moul, V. A. Stein and Dr. A. A. Stough. The contents of the buildings were destroyed, including wagons, buggies, agricultural implements, hay, feed and straw. The total loss will probably reach $4,000. The dwellings of T. W. Graff and O. R. Davis were badly damaged.

Hall Warmly Welcomed.

ST. MARY'S, June 14.—Senator Hall, the newly appointed United States attorney for Western Pennsylvania, was welcomed on his return home by a public demonstration. Bands played and cannons were fired. The senator was escorted to his home, where he made a speech attributing his appointment entirely to his unwavering support of democratic principles. The town is decorated and the people wildly enthusiastic over the appointment.

His Head Was Severed.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 14.—The body of an unknown man was found lying along the tracks of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, in this city yesterday. The man's head was completely severed from the body. Forty feet away another man was found unconscious. This man proved to be Harry McCardell, of Lanesdale, Pa. He was not fatally hurt.

"Peeping Tom" May Strike a Snag.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 10.—For several nights residents of the Sixth ward have been annoyed by a "Peeping Tom" who sneaks into back yards after dark to look into windows. He was discovered peeping into the window of a young lady on Central avenue. Her brother chased him away and all the men in that part of the town are anxious to capture him.

Trouble is Looked For.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—The officials of the war department protest that the general increase of infantry force at Chicago has nothing to do with the closing of the World's Fair, but notwithstanding this denial there is reason to believe that serious trouble is anticipated if the attempt is made to carry out the construction of law given by the United States court.

Rosario Cassato's Funeral.

READING, June 14.—The remains of Rosario Cassato who met his death by drowning while bathing in the Schuylkill river near the Schuylkill avenue bridge, were interred in the Catholic cemetery yesterday. Services were held at St. Peter's Catholic church. The pall-bearers were selected from his countrymen in the employ of Contractor O'Reilly.

A Petard Exploded.

MADRID, June 14.—A large petard was exploded last night on the Plaza Oriental, which is directly in front of the left wing of the palace. All the buildings in the neighborhood were shaken by the shock. The explosion was heard throughout the city and at many points in the suburbs.

The Veteran Cavalry Reunion.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, June 9.—The seventy-fourth annual reunion of the Ninth Pennsylvania Veteran Cavalry was held in the city opera house yesterday. There was a large attendance of the surviving veterans and the exercises partook of an interesting character.

Down to Solid Work.

PITTSBURG, June 9.—The real work of the Amalgamated association convention began yesterday. The puddlers' scale was taken up and is under discussion. It is probable that the association will again ask for the present scale which is $5.50 a ton.

He Tried to Rob Lamont.

CHICAGO, June 10.—A young thief was arrested in Jackson Park while trying to rob Secretary Lamont. He had gone through two of the Colonel's pockets and was tackling a third when arrested.

Not what we say, but what the people say is what sells DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. Be sure it is made in Belfast, Maine.

WM. O. TALPEY.

CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, AND SUNSTROKE CURED!

WE WILL GIVE $500.00 TO THE MANUFACTURER OF ANY SARSAPARILLA THAT CAN SHOW SUCH A CURE. WHICH ONE WILL TRY? WE WAIT AN ANSWER.

PLEASANT ST.,
HALLOWELL, ME.,
DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

Gentlemen:—I have had the **CATARRH** for over ten years as badly as any man could have it. All these years I was troubled with **DYSPEPSIA**, so much so I had to be very careful what I eat.

In addition to the above, five years ago I had a **SEVERE SUNSTROKE.**

I read about DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, and de termined to try it. After taking **three bottles** of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA I was **COMPLETELY CURED** of both the **CATARRH** and **DYSPEPSIA**, and all the lasting effects of my **SUNSTROKE VANISHED.**

I am 74 years old, and now am a **well man again.** I heartily recommend DANA'S SARSAPARILLA to any person suffering as I have been. Respectfully,

WM. O. TAPLEY.

HALLOWELL, ME., July 28, '91.

I can heartily vouch for the **absolute truth** of the above testimonial.

H. NOEL STEVES, Merchant.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

WHITES - - - -

Canada Thistle

- - Exterminator.

FACTORY AT BELLEFONTE, PA., IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE BELLEFONTE CAR WORKS.

This is a discovery that is destined to prove a blessing to every farmer and land owner.

Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every lot sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockerhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, $2.50, OR $5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

Factory at Bellefonte Car Works. Orders addressed to Samuel White, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention. Terms CASH on receipt of goods. Isaac Haupt authorized agent.

SAMUEL WHITE.

24-23-3m

Road Grading Machinery

The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The Supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the supervisors and tax payers of Walker twp. Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

Champion Road Roller

After your roads and streets are macadamized, the Champion Road Roller, operated by horses, can be used to great advantage in rolling down the loose stone to make the road smooth. Those in want of Road Machinery will promote their own interest by inspecting the above machinery before purchasing.

Further information, as to prices and merit, will be furnished on application.

McCALMONT & CO.

WM. SHORTLIDGE, } Business
ROBT. MCCALMONT, } Managers. 24-23-6m

WAR MUNCHAUSENIA.

The popular idea of "old soldier yarns" is that they are largely drawn from the airy realms of imagination, and not from the storehouse of memory garnered from the fruitful yield of the war's dread sowing. It is also a fact that many of the present time esteem it well nigh impossible for the "old vets" to tell a truthful story of their army experience; or to dwell upon the incidents and character of the great struggle without a wide departure from the realities.

People reason that, after so long a lapse of time, the soldier cannot remember just how things were, and that they give traditions that have passed from one to the other at their numerous camp fires, until the old boys really believe them to be the truth; and so the term "old soldier's yarns" —receives in these latter days the still less respectful characterization, "swapping army lies." To get at the true facts they argue, one must go back to the current accounts in the newspaper and other literature of the war days. There, will be found the facts unembellished by the story teller or distorted by the traditions of the survivors, a generation after. Accepting this as so, I shall not attempt to unravel from the skein of memory a war sketch, but ask the readers of the Republican to peruse a few facts showing the war as it really was—gleaned from the current publications of 1861—1865, both north and south. If any are surprised, and hesitate to believe these facts, let them remember that they are taken from the very fountain head—fresh, pure and undefiled by time or tradition.

And first let me quote from the Charleston *Courier* of December 31, 1860, showing the desperate condition of the north on the eve of the outbreak of the war: "The northern people have an enemy at their own doors *who will do our work for us* if we are not insane enough to take their myrmidons off their hands. They have a long dark winter of cold and hunger impending over their heads; *before it is over they will have millions of operatives without work and without bread.* In all human probability, before another summer melts their ice-bound hills, *blood—human blood—will have flowed in their streets.* When cold and hunger begin their work *this deluded rabble will ask alms at the doors of the rich with pike and fire brand in their hands.* They have got the wolf by the ears," and they have a fair prospect of being bit, unless we are charitable enough to take the beast off their hands.

"Our northern enemies are locked up with their millions of operatives for the winter, *and, how they are to be kept quiet no man can tell.*"

The foregoing is but a sample of the daily fulmination of the southern press, in the early months of the war.

Here are some incidents of the first great battle—"Bull Run"—which if told by the modern "camp fire" story tellers would wreck their reputation beyond repair; but these are fresh from the "seat of war" and *must* be true. They are from the columns of the Richmond *Whig*, published the week after that battle: "*Southern Videttes Hung.* —While our gallant army, was on the the march towards Alexandria, and following up the retreating forces of the Yankees, they found two of our southern videttes dead, and suspended by ropes by the roadside."

"*The Trophies*: In addition to the 20,000 stand of arms, 40,000 handcuffs, four wagon loads of horsemen's pistols, etc, our gallant and victorious army captured a large number of boxes, etc., belonging to General Scott and other 'Grand Army' officers, and all marked as destined, 'to Richmond.' Many of the boxes were filled with sauces, sardines, preserved meats, peach preserves, olives, etc. Our army is said to have captured provisions enough to last twelve months. Some of the Yankees say the handcuffs were intended for the negroes which they expected to capture. It is believed, however, that they were intended to be used in menacling the limbs of southern citizens."

While the worst Munchausenia of Sherman's bummers hides his head in despair, let me give one more war incident from the same source. It begins:

"*Yet More Horrible.*—A letter dated Richmond shows up the diabolical purposes of the northern hordes in a yet more repulsive light.

"The letter says: 'Humanity shudders at the foul and atrocities already committed on our citizens, and the yet fouler ones contemplated. The story of the 30,000 handcuffs is every word true. I have a man from Mansassas who saw them, and the ropes with nooses to hang 'traitors.' Heaven can never permit such fiends to trample laws, honor and virtue in the dust. They can never succeed. Earth would be a hell under their control.'"

Another item tells of an Arkansas regiment "armed with nothing but bowie knives charging a Yankee regiment at the same battle, and literally cutting them to pieces. The regiments thus assaulted which had fought bravely enough with bullets quailed under the operation of this deadly weapon and shouted "murder!" at the top of their voices."

How refreshing all this sounds beside the distorted inventions of Comrades Frost, Jones and other "camp fire" story tellers. I cannot refrain from giving an extract from the Richmond *Whig*, showing the sort of men the comrades of the Grand Army were—when they were young—or in 1861. Here it is:

"To be conquered in open and manly fight by a nation of gentlemen and subjected to their sway might not drive us distracted with rage and shame; but for Yankees, the most contemptible of Gods creation—the vile wretches, whose daily sustenance consists of refuse of all other people—for they eat nothing that anybody else will buy—for them to lord it over us—the English language must be enlarged, new words must be invented to express the extent and depth of our feelings of mortification and shame. They have long very properly looked upon themselves as our social inferiors—as our serfs—their mean niggardly lives—their low, vulgar and sordid occupations have ground conviction into them. But of a sudden they have come to imagine that their numerical strength gives them power—and they have burst the bonds of servitude, and are running a riot with more than the brutal passions of a liberated wild beast. *Their uprising has all the characteristics of a ferocious, servile insurrection.*

How the character of this "servile" people, changed in four years. Few of the generation that has grown up since those days know or comprehend the extent of the feeling shown by the foregoing extract or how the entire southern press teemed with a like sentiment. The south had a lesson to learn opened the eyes of the deluded readers and writers of those early rebellion days.

Here is the kind of stories our own boys used to tell thirty-two years ago—certainly nothing of to-day outdoes it.

The Boston *Transcript* of May 22, 1861, has this: "A bold soldier boy of the 13th New York regiment writes from Washington to his sister: 'I have grown two feet in two days—prefer gunpowder to butter on my bread, and have made arrangements to sleep forever in a cannon.'" The frank truthfulness of this reminds one of a certhan Iowa cavalryman, now a member of Baldwin post No. 6, Elmira.

And speaking of cavalry, that good paper, the *Independent*, of June 6, 1861, says: "The capture of John B. Washington, at Fairfax court house, Virginia. was a pleasant affair. As an infantry captain of the rebel force, he was prominent in the resistance to our cavalry, until a trooper, (name unknown, thought to be Jones,) rode up, caught him by the hair, lifted him bodily upon the pommel of his saddle, and holding him in this position, charged twice through the town. Captain Washington complained bitterly, but after having been lectured by General Scott, he concluded to take the oath of allegiance and was released. He is now with his family in this city."

How native and ingenisus this account. How Utopian is this method of warfare that captures the armed foeman, treats him to a free ride on the "pommel of the saddle," allows him to remonstrate, and then gives him a paternal lecture, and sends him to rejoin his family!

The north responded to the fierce denunciations of the southern press and orators, but more often in a spirit of good natured ridicule. Here is one of best specimens from the New York *Tribune* of June 17, 1861.

"Neath a ragged palmetto, a southerner sat
A-twisting the band of his Panama hat.
And trying to lighten his mind of a load
By humming the words of the following ode:
'Oh! for a nigger! and oh! for a whip
Oh! for a cocktail! and oh! for a nip:
Oh! for a shot at old Greeley and Beecher!
Oh! for a crack at a Yankee school teacher
Oh! for a captain! and oh! for a ship:
Oh! for a cargo of niggers each trip!'
And so he kept oh-ing for all he had not,
Not contented with owing for all that he's got."

The Boston Saturday *Gazette*, of June 22, 1861, retorts as follows: "This is the picture of a southerner who abuses the north: He toils not neither does he spin. Swaddled at his birth in a northern blanket, cutting his teeth on a northern gum-ring, solacing his sweet-tooth on northern candies, learning his letters from a northern book, educated at a northern college, learning his gentility and acquiring all his refinements in northern social circles, he still looks upon the north as a foreign country, a region altogether plebian and uncivillzed, because it has neither cotton nor niggers."

A lack of time forbids further extracts. Enough has been given to illustrate both the Munchausen character of the army stories current and published as facts during the war—and the feeling of contempt and hatred existing between the people of the two sections at that time.

It cost a million of human lives, and countless millions of money, to eradicate this feeling and to bring to pass a feeling of mutual respect for each other. The south came to this opinion through the valley of humiliation and defeat as well—and the north, victorious after the costly strife, found place in their consciousness for both pity and respect for their vanquished countrymen.

I have endeavored to show something of the grotesqueness of the ideas and statements prevalent the first few months of war, and if I have succeeded in pointing a moral it is this: That the writer of war history, a generation after the events recorded took place, comes much nearer the truth than the current writer of those days; and the stories and narratives of the men who were participants therein, as now produced—stripped of the passion and prejudice of the moment—are far nearer a faithful rendering than those found in the current literature of 1861-1865.

BILL MUCHELHATTEN.

"Recreations in Botany," by Caroline A. Creevey, which has been printed serially in HARPER'S BAZAR, will soon be issued in book form by Harper & Brothers.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, was called upon at the Continental hotel, at Philadelphia, by a young lady. When she was introduced into the parlor she expressed her joy seeing the governor, at the same time imprinted a kiss upon his forehead.

"Madam," said he "to what am I indebted for this unexpected salutation?"

"Sir, do you know me?"

"Take a chair," said the governor, at the same extending one of the handsomest in the house.

"Shortly after the battle of Antietam you were upon that bloody field," said she to the governor.

"I was," replied the governor.

"You administered to the wants of the wounded and the dying."

"It was my duty as a feeling man."

"You did your duty well, Heaven alone will reward you, sir, for in this life there is no reward adequately expressive of the merit due you. You, sir, imparted consolation and revived the hopes of a dying soldier of the 28th Ohio. He was badly wounded in the arm; you lifted him into an ambulance. and the blood dripping from him, stained your hands and your clothing. That soldier was as dear to me as life itself."

"A husband?" said the governor.

"No, sir."

"A father?"

"No, sir."

"A lover?"

"No, sir."

"If not a husband, father, brother, son or lover, who then could it be?" asked the governor, at length breaking the silence, "this is an enigma to me. Please explain more about the gallant soldier of Ohio."

"Well, sir, that soldier gave you a ring —C. E. D. were the letters engraved upon the interior. That is the ring now upon your little finger. He told you to wear it and carefully you have done so."

The governor pulled the ring off, and sure enough the letters were there.

"The finger that used to wear that ring will never wear it any more. The hand is dead, but the soldier still lives."

The governor was now more interested than ever.

"Well, madam," said he, "tell me all about it. Is this ring yours? Was it given to you by a soldier whom you loved."

"I loved him as I loved my life; but he never returned that love. He had more love for his country than for me; I honor him for it. The soldier who placed that ring upon your finger stands before you."

So saying, the strange lady rose from her chair, and stood before the governor.

The scene that now ensued we leave to the imagination of the reader. A happy hour passed. The girl who had thus introduced herself was Catherine E. Davidson, of Sheffield, Ohio. She was engaged to be married, but her future husband responded to the call of the president, and she followed him by joining another regiment. He was killed in the same battle where she fell wounded. She is alone in the world, her father and mother having departed this life years ago. She was the soldier of the 28th Ohio who had placed the ring upon the finger of Governor Curtin, for the kind attention given her upon the bloody field of Antietam.

EDWIN BOOTH.

The death of Edwin Booth removes the last of a race of distinguished actors who have held the public attention and admiration for nearly three-quarters of a century. It was in 1821 that Junius Brutus Booth came to the United States from England. where he had already been recognized for his genius as well as his eccentricities. Since then the stage has been graced by the presence of his three sons, Edwin, Junius Brutus and John Wilkes, the latter of whom was unhappily the assassin of President Lincoln.

Of all the family, Edwin filled the largest space in public attention and in the affection of the people. Throughout his career he has been distinguished for his amiability as much as for his genius. Of late years, especially since the death of Edwin Forrest here and of Macready in England. he has been acknowledged as the leading English-speaking actor, not only of the American stage, but of the world, in tragedy and in the higher class of dramas. His personations of Hamlet and Richelieu were particularly popular, and there was about him a personality which always secured him an indulgent and admiring audience.

Some persons did not agree, however in the high estimate placed upon Edwin Booth as an actor. They discovered the fault of mannerism in most of his efforts. and regarded his Hamlet, which was so generally admired, as stilted and "stagey." Indeed it is doubtless true that of late years the deceased lost much of the spirit by which his performances were distinguished in his earlier life. But no one who ever saw Booth in "The Fool's Revenge," can fail to acknowledge his remarkable dramatic force and genius.

His death leaves a vacancy in the higher walks of the drama. Will it soon be filled? Are not the days of the Forests, Macreadys and Booths gone by and does not the public taste, when it reaches higher than vaudeville and variety shows, seek sensationalism and lighter comedy on the stage than Shakespeare?

This is a question of more interest to managers than to others. Certain it is that the death of Edwin Booth will cause wide-spread regret, and the people will feel that they miss an admired friend, and that the drama loses one of the brightest and most gifted of its devotees.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

10.30—A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. W. H. DUNBAR, D. D., Lebanot, Pa.

7.45—P. M. Discourse before the College Y. M. C. A., by Rev. Prof. JACOB YUTZY, Selinsgrove, Pa.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY.

Entrance Examinations and Tennis Tournament.

TUESDAY.

8.00—A. M. Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

3.00—P. M. Ivy Exercises of the Senior Class.

6.30—P. M. Senior Class Day Exercises.

WEDNESDAY.

9.00—A. M. Junior Oratorical Contest for the Redding Prize.

2.00—P. M. Field Sports.

7.45—P. M. Address before the Alumni, by STERLING G. VALENTINE, Ph. D., Lebanon, Pa.

9.30—P. M. Annual Business Meeting of the Alumni.

10.00—P. M. Class and Fraternity Reunions.

THURSDAY.

9.00—A. M. Oration by Ten Members of the Senior Class, followed by the Graduating Exercises.

8.00—P. M. President's Reception.

11.00—P. M. Senior Class Banquet.

Most Americans will be surprised to learn that all the Chinamen in the United States came from one of the eighteen provinces of the celestial empire—most of them from one corner of that province. In an article in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 14, Rev. Dr. Frederick J. Masters, who was for nine years a missionary in Canton, and for eight subsequent years superintendent of the Chinese Missions in California, describes these people in their homes, and compares them with the Chinamen of other provinces.

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Of Etters, Pa.

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CHARTER NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Wednesday, June 15, 1893, by James A. Beaver, John W. Stuart, Wm. Frear, Jas. H. Potter, S. M. Buck, George L. Potter and others, under an Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 24th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be entitled The University Hotel Company, the character and object of which is the owning, erecting, conducting, leasing or carrying on a hotel; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its various supplements.
22 3t JAS. A. BEAVER, Solicitor.

60,00 TIES WANTED.

Proposals will be received by The Central Railroad of Pennsylvania for furnishing 60,000 White Oak and Rock Oak Ties, to be delivered immediately along the line of its railroad from Bellefonte to Mill Hall, as now surveyed and located through Nittany Valley. All ties are to be 8½ feet in length, 7 inches in thickness, and No. 1's not less than 7 inches face and No. 2's not less than 6 inches in face. For further particulars apply to

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LEM AND LAURA.

C. L. STANLEY.

Lem Beckett had not seen Laura Dagley for months, for he had been away in the war and had just received his discharge. He was going to see her now, however, and as he walked up across Judge Dagley's lawn his heart beat wildly with happy anticipations, for in a moment he would hold to his breast the woman he loved.

He had reached the house and was in the act of setting his foot on the veranda when he was arrested by a peal of laughter. He knew whose laughter it was, for it had thrilled him a hundred times before. He glanced around and through an open window he saw Laura. But she was not alone. She stood clasped in the arms of another man, her head resting gently, lovingly on his shoulder. Lem was astonished—hardly able to credit his eyes, his blood frozen in his veins. There was no room for doubting the meaning of what he saw. Every gesture, every feature of the woman told only too plainly that she loved the man in whose arms she rested.

For a minute Lem remained there looking at the two, then he turned and staggered away. He went down the path to the road, reeling like a drunken man, and then he sat down by the roadside with his head in his hands and tried to think. But one picture only came before him, that which he had just seen. And, try as he would, he could not banish it from him. One thought only occupied his mind, and that was that Laura had proved false, she whom he loved with all the ardor of his soul, and whom he would have trusted as he would the angels of heaven.

An hour passed, and then he arose and went back toward the old mill, which was his home. As he walked his mind resumed its functions, and before he had reached the end of his journey he had matured a plan of action. He entered the mill and made a light, for it was quite dark now, and then he wrote and tacked on the door a notice reading, "closed forever." Then he went to his room in the loft and gathered together his valuables, all of which he put carefully away. After that he came out, closed and locked the mill, and walked away in the direction of the crossroads. He was going to join Blakely's company of recruits, which was then forming, glad of the opportunity to engage in the war, and hopeful that there would be hard fighting soon and plenty of it.

The recruits were gathering at the roads when Lem arrived. Everyone was surprised to see Lem there, but they were more surprised by his wonderfully altered appearance. Already his face was haggard and he appeared to have aged several years within a few hours. The men knew there was a cause for the change—that something affecting Lem deeply had transpired, but they could not surmise what and the expression of his face deterred them from asking any questions. With wonder and surprise Capt. Blakely welcomed Lem to his company.

At midnight all the recruits were in and the little band of volunteers prepared to begin their march. Lem took a position in front of the column and when Blakely gave the word to move he strode away at such a gait that his companions found it difficult to keep pace with him. He was in a fever of excitement and he wanted action. He would have given the world if there had been a battle raging then and he would have plunged recklessly into the hottest part of it. He longed to hear the booming of cannon, the whizzing of shells and the rattle of musketry. While the others talked and laughed Lem staiked stolidly on, grimly silent, save that now and then he turned to urge his companions to move faster.

Two days later the little band were with the army, and soon Lem was captain of Blakely's old company. Then in the days following there was fighting, marching and skirmishing until the poor soldiers were worn out with fatigue and exposure, but though Lem managed to share the heaviest burdens he was impatient and chafed for more movement more hardships and more dangers. Army life was lacking in excitement for him.

The people at home learned in time through letters from the army where Lem was, but they were unable to account for his sudden and abrupt departure. They could not understand how a young man who had come into considerable wealth by the death of his father should go away leaving his lands and mills uncared for and unprotected. They wondered, too, that he should go away leaving Laura Dagley at that time, knowing as they did the near approach of his intended marriage with her. But though people at home wondered at these things they could form no satisfactory conjectures as to the cause of Lem's actions, for he never uttered a word to give them a clew.

Two years passed and there came letters telling of the hard fighting around Vicksburg and one of them told of the fall of Lem Beckett. This news spread rapidly through the neighborhood about Beckett's mill and reached even to the inner walls of the Judge Dagley's house. Was there one house to mourn Lem Beckett's fate? One to yearn for him and weep for his loss?

But Lem Beckett was not lost. He fell, but he rose again. After long weeks he came forth from the hospital a maimed man, the deep lines in his face telling the story of his great sufferings. His right arm was gone and he could no longer lead in battle.

Since leaving home Lem had heard nothing from the Dagleys, and he supposed Laura had long since married and gone away, so he resolved to go back. Accordingly he boarded a steamboat and went to St. Louis. He stopped in that city, and after dressing himself in better clothing went to a hotel. He was about to enter the office to secure a room when he saw a man and woman alight from a carriage and pass into the building. He stopped, dumb with surprise and pain. The woman was Laura, and the man was the same he had seen with her that night in Judge Dagley's parlor. He watched them as they passed into the house, and he saw her turn her eyes upon him. Yet she showed no surprise—not even a sign of recognition. When they had disappeared he turned away, all the old suffering strong upon him, and for an hour he walked the streets.

"Can she have forgotten me so soon?" he mused bitterly. "Am I so soon banished entirely from her memory?' Aye, yes, yes. And yet I once thought women never forgot."

After awhile he returned to the hotel and looked over the names on the register. There, the last on the page, he saw this, "J. P. Thompson and wife." Wife! That was Laura. He knew the worst now. She was another man's wife.

Lem went out and walked straight to the steamboat landing. He found a vessel just ready to start up the Missouri, and he took passage for home. She was gone away and now he could go back and take up his life and duties without the fear of meeting her.

A few days later people passing along the road noted signs of life about the old mill. The long closed doors were open and a sad one-armed man moved about, making repairs and putting the machinery in order. Soon it became known that Lem Beckett had returned and within a week the old mill was running and the customers were coming and going as of old.

"It's like old times," the people some times remarked, "to see the old mill running again."

But it was far from the old times to Lem. Then he was strong and happy, looking forward to a bright future. Now he was a tired and disappointed man, the future he had cherished lying wrecked at his feet.

The people found Lem accommodating and generous as of old, but he was no more the jovial, social man they had known in the years past. He was taciturn in the extreme, conversing with no one save when necessity compelled him. He saw nothing of the Dagleys, and he asked no one questions concerning them, and, as it happened, no one mentioned them in his presence. Perhaps the people suspected that he would not be pleased to have the name mentioned within his hearing.

Thus several days passed, Lem never going away from the mill, except at night when he walked down the road by Judge Dagley's house. On this night rambles he took care that no one should see him going and coming in the darkness like a ghost. He found a melancholy pleasure perhaps in looking at the old house where he had found his greatest happiness in the days gone by.

One night he made his usual walk, and stood at Judge Dagley's gate looking over into the lawn, when there suddenly glided into the path from among the evergreens an apparition that stilled the beating of his heart and caused a sensation of coldness to steal over him. What he saw was a woman dressed in white slowly going toward the house. There was but little light and he could but dimly make out her form, but he saw enough to know whose form, whose movement it was. He could not, even under the circumstances, be mistaken in Laura. It was she, he knew, but not as she was when he saw her last. He saw sorrow, trouble, disappointment, written in her movement.

He watched until he saw her enter the house; then he turned away, feeling such a sensation as he had never experienced in all his life. He did not believe in anything supernatural yet he was almost forced to admit that he had seen a spirit. It could not be Laura, in the flesh that had passed before his eyes that night. But two or three weeks had elasped since he saw her in St. Louis, rosy and happy, and so great a change could not have come over her so soon.

He walked back to the mill and stood quietly on the platform in front of the great doors too deeply engroosed in thought to notice the flight of time. At last he arose with a shiver, passed into the mill and lay down on his bed. The next morning he was found there burning with fever and delirious. A doctor was summoned, and when he came he shook his head gravely, pronouncing Lem's recovery doubtful.

"The trouble is more of the mind than the body," he said. "Medicine can do little good."

Lem talked continually in an incoherent way, and though the doctor held his ear close to the unconscious man's lips he could understand but one word he uttered, and that word was "Laura." Over and over he spoke that name.

"His trouble is connected with her," the doctor said, "and her presence alone can save him."

Days passed, and then consciousness returned to Lem, and he opened his eyes and looked about him. His first glance rested on a face familiar yet strangely altered—a face that had been with him in all his wanderings, in sickness and health. It was Laura's face saddened and pale now, but Laura's face still and though for a moment he doubted her reality, he soon comprehended that she was still in the flesh. For a long time he looked at her reading the story of her sufferings, then he said softly, "Laura!"

She sprang up and would have left the room, but he held her hand and would not let her go. "Aye, you are flesh and blood," he muttered. "You are real."

Then he drew her to him as if to kiss her, but, remembering himself, he desisted, saying:

"I forgot. You are the wife of another."

"The wife of another?" Laura repeated wonderingly.

"Aye, yes. You are his wife—Thompson's. I saw him with you at St. Louis—saw where he had registered at the hotel. 'J. P. Thompson and wife.' I never forgot it."

After awhile a ray of light began to dawn on Laura's mind. She saw that a great mistake had been made by Lem, and she understood how a part of it had come about.

"Lem," she said, unwillingly calling him by his first name, "my sister married Mr. Thompson, and it must have been her you saw in St. Louis. She and I are twins and we used to be so much alike that our own family could hardly distinguish us apart. You never saw her, for she married before we came here to live, and she has visited us but once, and that was at the time you went away."

Lem opened his eyes wide and stared blankly at Laura. He understood it all now. It was Laura's sister and husband he had seen that night in Judge Dagley's parlor, and he thought it Laura and another lover. Ah, heavens! what a mistake he had made, and what years of bitter suffering that mistake had wrought for both him and Laura! With a very humble heart and a very contrite spirit he told Laura of his mistake and of everything attending it.

"I was a fool Laura," he added, "to ever doubt you for one instant, but I was so sure it was you that night. I did you a great wrong, but I have suffered for it—suffered bitterly. And I never ceased to love you. If you can forgive me a little, that is all I can ask. Will you, Laura? Will you try to forgive me a little?

Laura laid her hand on Lem's forehead and looked down into his poor, wasted face, saying softly.

"I forgive you everything, Lem. I forgive you because I love you."

Two months later Lem was well, and then one day there was a quiet wedding at Judge Dagley's house. The bride and the groom still bore some traces of the trials through which they had passed, but the light of a new happiness shone in their faces, showing that the night was past and that a new glorious day was breaking over their lives.

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SAVED She received this terrible intelligence quietly, declined to take ether, stipulating merely to hold her husband's hand during the operation, and underwent the painful process without moving a muscle or uttering a groan.

HER Dr. Kennedy then gave Favorite Remedy, which drove the poisonous disease out of her system, cleansed the blood, and prevented the return of the disease, and she now lives and rejoices in her great deliverance.

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If you want to get cured take Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. It's the best. Try it. 50 cents.

—The recent rain in Nebraska was estimated to be worth $15,000,000, or $2.75 for each man, woman and child in the State.

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The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50cts.

—There are 260 daily papers in the United States and five in Canada with a circulation of over 25,000,000.

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—The restaurateurs at the Columbian Exposition seem to think that a Fair Exchange is no robbery.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

—A match doesn't know enough to keep in when it rains. At all events, it is sure to go out if it is wet.

The best and only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It cures. Take no other. 50 cents.

—A room in a house in London is entirely papered with about 70,000 cancelled postage stamps.

Ripans Tabules: see advertisement.

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Treat. S. S. S. Mailed

I contracted a severe case of blood poison that nullified me for business for four years. A few bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me. J. C. JONES, City Marshal, Fulton, Arkansas.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Harper's Weekly for June 17th will devote five pages to Edwin Booth. The text will include an intimate account of the tragedian's life by his friend Laurence Hutton, and will be embellished by several portraits and by illustrations of the actor in his favorite roles and of his home at the Player's Club, which he founded. A page of drawings will be devoted to the illustrations of the *Ompania*, the queen of ocean racers. The Philadelphia open-air horse-show and the New York horse show at Manhattan field will be amply illustrated. Another of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Reigate Puzzle," by Dr. A. Conan Doyle, and additional chapters of "The Cliff Dwellers." will be printed in this number, which will also contain a page illustration, "In and About the Midway Plaisance" at the Chicago Exposition.

I have been a great sufferer from catarrh for over ten years; had it very bad, could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep and had to walk the floor. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm and am using it freely, it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it. It is curing my deafness.—B W Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

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TWENTY-TWO KILLED AND FIFTY SERIOUSLY HURT.

Fall of The Old Fords Theater The Result of Mean Economy.

A score or more of human lives sacrificed to a policy of "economy and retrenchment"—this is the indictment which a helpless and outraged community hurls at that intangible power known as the Government of the United States. The miserly Congressional fingers are red with the blood that few a days ago coursed through the veins of active manhood. Widows and orphans weep for the husbands and fathers offered to the Juggernaut of legislative "reform" and administrative indifference. Over the whole there is mourning for the dead, lamentation for the dying, sympathy for the injured.

The following list of dead, with the States from which they where appointed, contains twenty-two names, including one unknown and one possible duplication, only twenty-one bodies having been taken from the ruins :

DEAD.

Daley, Jeremiah of Howard Centre county Pa.
Unknown man, taken from the ruins at 5 o'clock this evening, evidently a clerk.
Allen, George I., Pennsylvania.
Arnold, George M., Virginia.
Boody, L. W., New York.
Banes, Samuel P., Pennsylvana.
Bussius, John, District of Columbia.
Daggett, G. F., Maine.
Fagan, James R., Kansas.
Gage, Joseph B., Michigan.
Jarvis, M. M., Michigan.
Jones, J. B., Wisconsin.
Loftus, F. B., New York.
Jordan, David C., Missouri.
Maedér, F. W., New York.
Miller, B. F., New York.
Miller, Howard S., Ohio.
McFall, J. H., Wisconsin.
Shull, E. G. Kansas.
Schriever, William, Maryland.
Wood, H. S., no State.
Williams, F. M., Wisconsin.
Dr. Nelson, no State.

Forty five are seriously hurt among whom we notice but one from Pennsylvania viz : G. A. Yount head cut and injured internally.

The calamity is the most awful that has visited the National Capital within the century of its existence. It is appalling in the knowledge that ample warning had been sounded time and again ; fearful in this, that the city is honeycombed with buildings owned or rented by the Government as rotten as the scene of Fridays horror ; sickening and heartbreaking in the contemplation of what the future may have in store for the innocent victims of sophistry of professional economists and demagogues. Responsibility—where will you place it? Accountability—it is an idle dream! Intangible, indeed, is this great, rich and powerful Government, and the most you can do is to hold up to public scorn the Holmans, the Richardsons and the Cockrells, who will vote to secure their own safety and comfort, but will unhesitatingly endanger the health and imperil the lives of helpless employes.

In the shadow of death, distress and sorrow which had fallen upon Washington it is difficult to write with feelings of calmness or resignation. Everybody who has paid any attention to the matter has known for years that the Government building which collapsed last Friday without warning, burying nearly 100 men in its ruins, was unsafe. Senators and Congressmen knew it as well as everybody else. Many of them knew that the building, which was never designed and could not be properly fitted for a Government office had been thrice condemned as unsafe, and they also knew that within its walls were stored some of the most important—indeed the indispensable—records of the War of the Rebellion, relating to the personal history and services of the men who fought to preserve the Union. Moreover, they knew that a large majority of the custodians of these records were maimed and disabled veterans of the war, many of whom were minus an arm or a leg. Honest and practical men who give a name for the cause of this disaster call it "Holmanism," and this interpretation is so general that within the space of a few hours a Republican correspondent heard more than two score respectable citizens give free expression to their indignation against the man whom they regarded as the prime author of the calamity, and their sentiments were received with hearty and unanimous approbation.

Everybody in Washington knows that the walls and floors of the great building in which are housed the 2,500 operatives of the Government Printing Office are weaker and more heavily over loaded than were the walls and floors of the building which has now succumbed : indeed the fact is so notorious that for five years Congress has been trying to fix upon a site for a new building. There is a fair prospect that on some fine morning the old building will collapse and the country be startled by a greater and even more inexcusable calamity than that of last Friday. In the National Capital are other buildings occupied by the general Government which are equally unsafe, and which are occupied because of the parsimony of Congress. To such an extent has that niggardliness been carried that even the most sacred and indispensable records of the Government are daily exposed to destruction because there is no safe place in which to deposit them. What this means was shown on Friday. Hundreds of original papers which could not be replaced and which were necessary to complete the military history of veterans of the Union Army were scattered and trodden under foot, deluged with water, covered with lime and dust, shovelled aside, thrown into the street—exposed to every chance of destruction—in the rush to save lives. Probably most of these papers were saved or will be recovered though the efforts of members of the Grand Army of the Republic, who were among the earliest on the scene and among the most earnest in their efforts to rescue and succor the wounded and carry off the dead. It was a shame, it will be a lasting disgrace to the Government of the United States, that the parsimony of its Congress made such efforts necessary.

The clerks went to work as usual last Friday morning. It appears however that some of them had become uneasy on account of the apparent insecurity of the building, and as many of them as could do so had obtained leave of absence for a short time until certain repairs that were under way should be completed, and so it happened that less than 400 were at their desks in a building where over 500 are bestowed when all are at work, but in which not more than one-half that number could be properly accommodated if any attention were paid to sanitary considerations. The building is an old one, never designed for offices or to carry great weight on its floors Some years ago the structure was condemned, and it was regarded as an unsafe and unfit depository for certain anatomical specimens and the valuable medical library belonging to the Government, which were therefore removed to a new building which has cost the Government, first and last, more than $3,000,000. After certain repairs, however, the old building was thought safe enough not only as a depository for the medical and hospital records of the War of the Rebellion, but also as a hive for about 500 Government clerks, a majority of whom were veterans of the War.

These clerks had been at work less than an hour when, without a sound of warning, about one-third of each of the three floors upon which they were stationed began to shiver and sink, and within ten seconds these floors with their living contents were dumped into the cellar and buried under desks, file cases, beams and all the other wreckage of a complete collapse. The clerks who were not plunged into the abyss of destruction rushed to the rear windows to escape. There was not a single fire escape on this inflammable structure! Three made their way to the ground by means of a hose which they found in a corner ; one slid down a water-spout until it broke under his weight and he fell to the ground ; one or two, forboding disaster, had planned a route of escape ; one jumped upon the awning of an adjacent building ; three jumped from the windows —one of them to instant—and the second to lingering death. Three fire ladders were brought and the remaining clerks, who had been crouching between an abyss of destruction and a toppling wall, were rescued by firemen. The front wall of the building stood steadfast ; within was a wreck extending back about one-third of the depth of the building. Under this part of the building men had been digging for days making an excavation for an electric light plant. The work had been done so carelessly and with so little regard to the safety of the men who were digging, not to say of the building itself, that some of them had become uneasy and watchful. They feared a collapse, as did many of the clerks.

When a Republican correspondent reached the building an hour after the disaster happened, everything was still in a state of the utmost confusion and disorder. Thousands of people had gathered about the scene, many of them frantic with alarm and anxiety, and the efforts of the police force to restrain them were futile ; the air was filled with shouts, screams, hysterical shrieks and dozens of men, not seriously injured, but with bleeding heads and wits astray, added to the uproar. If one can imagine a battlefield, after the fighting has ceased, with the wives and children and friends of the combatants on the ground and thousands of other non-combatants thrusting themselves forward, he will have a faint picture of this scene. Within the wrecked part of the building a hundred or more excited but resolute firemen, policemen and citizens, one of the latter a Congressman, were working to release and carry out the dead and wounded Some of the former had been instantly killled, while others had apparently died from suffocation and in great agony. Several died as they were lifted from the ruins or before they could be conveyed to a hospital.

On every face, both of the dead and those who were seriously wounded, surprise and horror were plainly drawn. Every man had been taken unawares, as though attacked from an ambush. In many cases the semblances to humanity had almost entirely dssappeared. It seems almost as if the workers about the ill-fated structure were carrying out mere bags of matter, smeared all over with blood, filthy with dirt, dirt ground into them, blood oozing from every point. A child would have not known its own father, a wife not recognized her husband. With such tenderness as rough and excited men could summon for such a time, they were laid out on stretchers and carried out to the ambulances that filled the adjoining streets. The doctors could do little for them there. All they could possibly do was to clear away some of the dirt, the plaster and the filth from the faces of the injured men. It was grounded into their eyes, noses and mouths, increasing the danger of suffocation. Many were unconscious, and could not have helped themselves. The ambulances had all they could possibly attend to. Soon the hospitals were crowded, and it became necessary to turn drug stores in the neighborhood into temporary hospitals. Even the floors of the offices of two physicians were covered with the wounded and bleeding forms of the victims.

This tragedy although less national in character yet involves the loss of many more lives and causes much more human suffering staining again with blood the walls of the old Fords Theater where Abraham Lincoln was assasinated by J. Wilks Booth, in April 1865. It is a coincidence, also, which will not escape attention, that this second tragedy occurred on the very day when the body of the great tragedian whose life was so darkened by his brother's crime that he never visited Washington afterward was laid at rest in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Massachusetts.

The house in which Lincoln died, on the other side of the street from the theatre where he was shot, which is still sentimentally kept intact as it was that fatal night, looked down last Friday upon a scene of agony, exeitement and grief which even the great crime of 1865 could not parallel. And the horrors of the scene were by no means lessened by the knowledge that a blunder, surely in this case almost "worse than a crime" had caused the death of twenty-two persons and inflicted maimings and injuries upon about fifty more.

One of the bravest and most daring incidents connected with the calamity was performed by a colored boy, nineteen or twenty years old, named Basil Lockwood. As soon as the floors collapsed and the dust cleared away, realizing the danger of those at the rear windows who were wildly climbing out and calling for aid, he climed up a large telegraph pole as high as the third story and lashed a ladder to the pole putting the other end in the window. By this means ten or fifteen persons were assisted down the ladder in safety.

The horrors and pathos of the scenes were relieved by some incidents which would be regarded as amusing under less ghastly surroundings. The loss of life on the first floor was comparatively small, owing to the fact that the central part of the floor was roped off just where the excavation was in progress. This was done because the dust came up through the floor. The clerks who occupied this space were temporarily in other parts of the building so that there were only a few, who occupied desks along the walls on the back side. One of these was F. A. Wright, of Massachusetts. As it happened, when the noise of the falling floors was first heard he was standing up at his desk. At once the idea of danger entered his mind, and, without pausing to see what was the matter, he ducked down under his desk and made his way beneath the entire line of desks and reached safety in the rear end of the building.

One man on the first floor was so anxious to get away and yet so far from clear about the means that he tried to climb up the shelving along the side wall. Another clerk, who had slipped out without his coat to get an early morning cocktail, thereby saved his life, but attempted to go back into the tottering building to recover his coat.

A large white cat which has lived in the building for years, was not hurt by the collapse, and haunted the ruins like a spectre, apparently looking for its master. It was finally caught and carried away. The last thing removed from the cellar was a black waist coat covered with lime dust. The owner of the waistcoat, a clerk in the building, had been waiting for its discovery the whole afternoon. It contained a purse with a considerable amount of money and a gold watch and chain. Strange to say the watch was still running. Most of those first taken out of the ruins were carried to the Emergency Hospital. About 10.30 o'clock the dead and the injured began to arrive there faster than the corps of surgeons could attend to their injuries. Carried in on stretchers, they were laid at the most convenient places. Those who were most seriously injured were attended to, while the others, groaning and crying from the pain of broken limbs, lay beseeching the doctors to dress their wounds. Shortly after the arrival of the first unfortunates a crowd began to assemble in and out of the hospital, many of them being the wives, daughters and relatives of the dead and injured. Their weeping and frantic cries for information were heart-rending. They greatly interfered with the work of the physicians. Load after load of the wounded, blind from the debris and with limbs broken and mained, were brought to the door. They had to remain outside for some time, as the force and facilities of the hospital were unequal to the emergency. As soon as the surgeons, who were shortly reinforced by the young medical graduates of the city, could do so, they examined and dressed the wounds of the victims, who were then sent upstairs to more comfortable quarters.

It was with great difficulty that the policeman could keep the relatives of the injured men out of the building. Priests and clergyman were soon on the spot, and, being at once admitted, went to the cots of the injured, where they administered spiritual consolation. Three men reached the hospital in a dying condition, so badly injured that they were taken from the dressing-room to the morgue, where they shortly expired. The first two were badly mutilated, but the last one did not bear an apparent trace of even an abrasion.

Only those persons whose injuries are serious now remain in the Emergency Hospital. About twenty-five, more or less injured, were sent there, four of whom have since died. Among these last we are sorry to say is our friend Jerry Daley from Howard, Centre Co., his neck was broken but he appeared to have received no other injuries. His father who is here took charge of the remains which were forwarded home as soon as arrangments could be made. A citizens' meeting was held Friday afternoon at Willard's Hall, under the joint auspices of the District Commissioners and the Board of Trade, to start a relief movement for the families of the victims. The purpose of the gathering was achieved in the appointment of a committee of five to canvass the meeting for subscriptions. While this was being done, brief addresses were made. Dr. Bartlett's ringing arraignment of the government for its moral responsibility for the calamity met the warm commendation of the gathering. He said the chief officers ought in some way to get together and provide the means which shall secure to the suffering, sorrowing ones that care and support which a niggardly policy had made necessary, and "not saddle a single dollar upon this long suffering community."

The speech of Smith Thompson, a clerk employed in the collapsed building, was largely devoted to Colonel Ainsworth, chief of the record and pension division, whom he charged with being the direct active cause of the casuality. He said that large, fine, airy, safe rooms in the War Department Building were being kept sacred to the storing of inanimate rolls and records, while Ford's Theatre, a building utterly unfit for clerical uses, was crowded with clerks, many of whose lives had been sacrificed by this one man's dictum. The theatre had been a "perfect hell on earth," he said. No military prison or jail was comparable to it in disagreeable features, while the insecurity of the structure was notorious, it having been condemned no less than three times. Mr. Thompson stated that although seventy-two years old he had been providentially enabled to make a successful escape from the second story of the building by means of a ladder.

The total amount of subscriptions obtained was announced as about $5,500, the largest being $1,000 from the drygoods firm of Woodward & Lathrop. President Cleveland, who had been asked to preside over the meeting, was unable to do so because of a pressing official engagement, but sent his check for $100, and Secretary Thurber his for $25.

Several motions were made to continue the work of the meeting by the appointment of a canvassing committee, but it was the sense of those present that the newspapers of the city, which had already initiated relief funds, could do the work more thoroughly and satisfactorily than any committee, and it was left with them to do. The committee of five which canvassed the meeting, however, was continued as a disbursing organization with S. W. Woodward as treasurer. They will make allotments of the money subscribed and report through the papers when their work has been completed. It was stated at the meeting that the families of those who had been killed in the wreck, were all left practically unprovided for in a financial way.

A subscription was started in the War Department for the relief of the sufferers, and this will probably be followed by like movements in the other Government Departments.

Ripans Tabules : one gives relief.

A NARROW ESCAPE!

How it Happened.

The following remarkable event in a lady's life will interest the reader: "For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I couldn't sweep a room without sitting down and resting; but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all that is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors without any benefit until I was both discouraged and disgusted. My husband bought me a bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and am happy to say I never regretted it, as I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. I weighed 125 pounds when I began taking the remedy, and now I weigh 130½. Its effect in my case has been truly marvelous. It far surpasses any other medicine I have ever taken or any benefit I ever received from physicians."—Mrs. Harry Starr, Pottsville, Pa., October 12, 1892.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles $5, express prepaid. This great discovery by an eminent specialist in heart disease, contains neither opiates nor dangerous drugs.

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ROXBURY. MASS.

CAUTION.

Ask for Woodman's Specific No. 4. If your druggist does not keep it, and will not get it for you, send us 25 cts., and we will send it to you postpaid. 6-3m

A BARGAIN DRIVEN BY EMERSON.

We were speaking of Emerson, and I had shown my idolatry of that sweet Athenian Yankee, when my friend said : "There is no question that Ralph Waldo Emerson was a grand old American Socrates, or Plato if you will, but much of the starch of my veneration for him was taken out by the way he once contended with the newsdealer at the Causeway street end of the Fitchburg depot for the reduction of the price of a Boston evening daily paper because it was of the issue of a day or two previous. It reminded me of the huckstering I witnessed in a bakeshop some time before, where a woman insisted on having a 5-cent loaf for three cents because it was two days old, and finally, after a wordy contention with the worthy white capped baker, compromised by paying 4 cents for the bread.

"Ralph, the venerable, had the courage of his mercenary convictions and insisted for a time on having a cent reduction on the price of the paper. The newsdealer, too, had the courage of his trade and did not seem to care a baubee for the author of the 'Over Soul,' although I found afterward that he knew the intellectually august gentleman with whom he was dealing. Knowing the person of the Concord philosopher, I was amused enough to wait over another train, had not the purchaser and vender compromised, and the dear good man bought the wished for old paper with another of that evening's issue."—*Boston Globe.*

We find the above going the rounds of the newspapers. We were personally acquainted with Ralph Waldo Emerson, and although he was a very eccentric man we cannot believe the story. It serves, however, to illustrate this truth that intimate acquaintance with great men often robs them of many claims with which distance and no personal acquaintance has surrounded them. Mr. Emerson was a great man, but he was a man for all that.—[Ed. Republican]

HOW TO AVOID SPRING FEVER.

Spring Fever, or that "tired" feeling, is occassioned by an excess of heat in the human body. The diet necessary to maintain animal heat during winter, is no longer necessary during the warm months of spring and summer, and a change is not only beneficial but necessary. To avoid any unpleasant results, and to keep up vitality the system should be stimulated by the use of a little pure whiskey. Physicians throughout the country unite in prescribing and recommending the whiskies bottled by Max Klein, on account of their purity and general excellence, and the known reliability of his Silver Age, Duquesne and Bear Creek recommend them to all. Send for catalogue of all kinds of liquors, mailed free, to

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.
S Shloss agent
Williamsport Pa

—The doctor understands all tongues.

—How we all admire the wisdom of those who come to us for advice! [Ex.

—No matter how cheap quinine may be it is always a drug in the market.

—Wherever the experienced blind man moves there is an era of good feeling.

—Eighteen hundred girls graduated from the Boston Cooking School this year.

Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—The Bellefonte Bicycle club have rented rooms over the Centre County Bank, which they will fix up in fine style.

—The court of Centre county appointed last Thursday as a committee to examine students John B Linn, C M Bower, W F Reeder, J C Meyer and John Blanchard.

—Meyer's orchestra gave their first public concert for this season at the band stand in the Court House yard last Tuesday evening. The music of course was fine.

—A number of his friends gave Edward McGinnis, of Penn street, Bellefonte, a surprise party last week Tuesday. He was presented with a number of very valuable presents.

—Milesburg vs. Academy at Hunter's Park Saturday afternoon. It will cost you but 35 cents to go up and back and see the game. Let every lover of base ball go up and enthuse for the best players.

—The Bellefonte Band is a chartered institution. It met last Thursday and took in new members until they had about thirty. Some of the instruments belonging to the organization are in the possession of persons who refuse to give them up; the matter has been placed in the hands of an attorney.

—Last Thursday evening Rev W H Blackburn, pastor of the United Brethren church, was agreeably surprised by members of his congregation and friends who gathered at his house to the number of about a hundred, bringing many presents of use in every day life. A very pleasant evening was spent.

—The Methodist church of Bellefonte was crowded to overflowing last Sunday evening to hear an able discourse from Rev. Dr. Hurlburt, pastor of the Spring Garden Methodist church of Philadelphia. He held his audience spell bound many were surprised to find when they got home that they been away so long. The Rev. Dr. preached in the morning at State College.

—Last Friday afternoon a land slide occurred at Morris's lime quarries on the road leading to Milesburg. Several men were working under the place where the bank gave way, but by energetic jumping all succeeded in getting away except Wm. Johnson and his son John. They were caught and hurt quite badly, although we are glad to say not seriously. Mr. Johnson was injured about the hip and his son about the head. They were taken to their homes in Milesburg.

—The first issue of the *Centre Magnet* appeared to-day for the first time. It is a local Prohibition paper devoted exclusively to the interest of the Prohibition party. In its first number before us it has nailed to its mast head the state ticket of its party. It is edited by Newton S. Bailey, a newspaper man of years of experience. We have no doubt that the "*Magnet*" will stir things up in Centre county and do much for the party whose claims to recognition it will advocate with vigor and honesty of purpose.

—As we were standing in the door of that popular grocery, the Eureka, last Tuesday a handsome looking young man accosted us in a very friendly way. We took him cordially by the hand but told him he had decidedly the advantage of us. In answer he said he was William T. Speer, Jr., had been in Pittsburg for the past three years. He has changed so in this short time that no one could recognize him; in fact, he said that no one he met knew him. We heard one young man remark that if he thought Pittsburg would do as much for him he would go there at once. It must be a healthy place.

—Last Saturday evening L Moore, of Bellefonte, who has for the last two years been at work ton a "Merry go round," started it going for the use of the public at the old skating rink, on Willow bank street, and will continue it every day and evening as long as he can draw custom. Quite a crowd were out there Saturday night and had a merry time. The machine is mostly the work of Mr. Moore and shows his talent and skill as a machine. It is said to be by those who have seen it a beautiful machine and very comfortable to ride on. It affords great amusement to children.

—The house on Linn street formerly occupied by James Milliken and later by Dr. T. R. Hayes, and finally bought by W. Fred Reynolds has been torn down within two weeks. All, even the stone of which the cellar was built, has been taken to east Linn street, where it will go into the construction of a new residence for John C. Miller. The ground for the new structure is being prepared as rapidly as possible. The place from which this house was taken will be made into a lawn and will be a beautiful addition to the handsome grounds around the home of Mr. Reynolds. On the north west corner of this lot Mr. Reynolds is having erected a beautiful stable and residence for his coachman, of brown Humelstown stone. This, when finished, will be the finest and most costly stable in the county.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

TWENTY-FOUR STUDENTS GRADUATE AT STATE COLLEGE.

Interesting and Instructive Exercises and Pleasant Anniversary Gatherings the Order of the Week.

The time has at last dawned when the Pennsylvania State College can be spoken of as an institution of learning that stands close to the ranks of the foremost in the United States. In fact, in the matter of turning out men of practical knowledge there is none in the United States the equal of State. Even the brilliant lustre of old Harvard and Yale is growing dim under the fact that graduates of Centre's College are more in demand under the very shadow of the former than are their own finished men.

The exercises of this week, which came to a close last night, ended the thirtieth commencement era. Although it has been over thirty years since the first, there were three years when there was no graduating class, for various reasons. In this time the college has given to the world of business men and women 1243 graduates, including the class of '93. Where are they to-day? you might ask. Take the records of the alumni, if you will, and you will there see that at least four-fifths of the above number are now either master of some lucrative and honorable profession or engaged in some of the leading businesses of the day, while the others who yet live, are earning an honest living in some of the less prominent walks of life.

It is only a few years back since the College received that recognition from the state legislature which it deserved, and today the change wrought is so great that it would take columns in which to tell it. From a faculty of fifteen there are now about thirty-five instructors; from less than one hundred students there are now about 260 who answer the daily roll call; while, in addition, there is in the "Agricultural Chautauqua" a list of 200 students taking instruction in this great branch through the medium of private correspondence. And note the great growth in the buildings and equipment of the college. Has not then the citizens of this great commonwealth good cause to be proud of an institution that is forging ahead so rapidly and which numbers on its list students from many of the states in the union. But we must not digress fnrther.

The commencement exercises were opened on Sunday at 10.30 a. m. when Rev. Merritt Hulburt, D. D., of Philadelphia, preached the baccalaureate sermon. The College Chapel was crowded almost to suffocation to hear the learned minister utter the solemn scriptural truths.

On Monday afternoon the inter-class athletic contest was held on Beaver field. Since Prof. Hoskins has had charge of the department of manual training there have been rapid strides in athletics and in the work of Monday afternoon some of the best records made by any college was broken.

Monday evening was the Junior oratorical contest. There were six contestants, as follows: Walter B. Waite, Boyd A. Musser, Roger Bowman, Walter Stillman, Lewis W. Mattern and Arthur G. Guyer. The judges awarded first prize to Guyer with honorable mention of Mattern and Musser.

TUESDAY MORNING

dawned bright and beautiful and as early as eight o'clock the people began to gather and continued so until about a thousand persons were present to see and hear. At 8.30 o'clock the Alumni Association held their annual meeting and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: W. E. Gray, '81, president; J. Price Jackson, '89, secretary and treasurer; W. A. Buckhout, '68, historian. J. F. Robb, of Pittsburg, was re-elected as a member of the board of trustees.

A salute of seventeen guns was fired at 9.45, the firing squad being under the direction of Commandant McGaskey.

The Alumni dinner was held in the College armory promptly at 12 o'clock and was partaken of by about 300 guests. Caterer Achenbach had prepared a sumptuous repast and after everyone present had partaken thereof to their full satisfaction Gen. Beaver, who acted as toastmaster in the absence of Hon. Francis Jordan, called the large assemblage to order. The General spoke briefly of the success and career of the college at present and referred to the recent appropriation received from the legislature as being very liberal. He then introduced Hon. Charles Emory Smith, who spoke briefly and to the point on the present advantages of the College. On behalf of the Alumni short addresses were made by Cyrus Gordon, '66; Professor Tuttle, '68; Daniel Cessna, '68; Chauncey F. York, '76; A. O. Smith, '79; G. R. Wieland, '93. These were followed by Representative McCormick and President Atherton.

Following the close of the dinner the Alumni and delegates met and re-elected the following trustees for the ensuing three years: Samuel R. Downing, John H. Orvis, Amos H. Miller and John A. Woodward, at 3 o'clock the exhibition drill of the college cadets was given on the front college campus. In the evening Hon. Charles Emory Smith entertained a crowded house by his address to the Alumni on "Are we worse than our fathers."

WEDNESDAY EXERCISES.

This was graduation day and consequently, the largest crowd of the week was in attendance. Promptly at 9.30, the chapel being crowded, the Stopper & Fisk orchestra played one of their best overtures, and the day's exercises had begun. Of the graduating class the following delivered orations: Charles R. Fay, Hays W. Mattern, John M. Small and Fred F. Weld. Roy Briscoe Mattern spoke the Valedictory. The commencement address was delivered by Charles DeGarmo, president of Swarthmore College, after which President Atherton conferred the degrees and awarded the prizes, and the exercises closed.

Those in the class who took first honors are Emma E. Camp, Henry Edward Dunkle and Carrie M. McElwain: second honors were taken by Daniel W. Gross, Roy B. Mattern and John M. Small. The names of those who graduated, twenty-four in number, are as follows:

Sydney Herbert Brown, Christ Church, New Zealand; Edward Pontany Butts, Bellefonte; Emma Eliza Camp, Wyalusing; Cassius McCreary Caughey, Fairview; Frederick Dale, Lemont; Henry Edward Dunkle, Huntingdon; Charles Eachus, Coatesville; Charles Ross Fay, Williamsburg; John Foster, State College; John Keiffer Furst, Cedar Springs; Chas. Jeffreys Girvin, Philadelphia; Harry Edgar Greenwood, Rockhill Furnace; Daniel Wingerd Gross, Harrisburg; Hays Waite Mattern, Warrior's Mark; Roy Briscoe Mattern, Milesburg; Milton Earle McDonnell, Florence; Carrie Mabel McElwain, West Springfield, Mass.; Frank Orbin, McKeesport; William Powell Rothrock, Bellefonte; John Murphy Small, Harrisburg; John Greer Walsh, Jr., West Chester; Fred Falconer Weld, Sugar Grove; George Reber Wieland, State College; Richard Woods Williamson, Huntingdon.

Wednesday evening was probably the gayest time of all, it being the occasion of the junior reception to the Senior class, in the Armory from 8 to 1 o'clock. The large building was handsomely decorated with the national and class colors, and a profusion of potted plants and large bouquets added to the beauty thereof. The orchestra rendered some of the best music and the five hundred or more guests present enjoyed themselves beyond expression; and thus closed this year's College commencement.

NOTES.

There connot be found a more gentlemanly set of students anywhere than those attending State College.

The REPUBLICAN representative is under obligations to President Atherton and members of the faculty for kind consideration and favors rendered.

During the week there were three games of base ball played. On Monday the first college nine beat the second. On Tuesday the Alumni beat the First nine and on Wednesday the Demorests beat the College nine by a score of 7 to 5.

A NEW SECRETARY TO BE CALLED.

The resignation of Elliot Harvey, late secretary of Y. M. C. A., of Bellefonte, was considered at a meeting of that organization last Monday evening. Mr. Charles Hulburt, state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was present. It was stated that the affairs of the association were never in better condition than they are at present, and Mr. Hulburt was authorized to procure another secretary as good as Mr. Harvey and recommend him to the local board here. The meetings of the association will continue the same as usual; an effort will be made to get a larger number of papers and magazines for the use of the members and visitors. Mr. Harvey's resignation was received and accepted by the board, and the following preamble and resolutions of respect and esteem were adopted: In accepting the resignation of Mr. Elliot Harvey, Jr., as General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Bellefonte, the Board of Directors do so with the greatest regret; and wishing to record their judgment as to his efficiency in this calling, and to testify to his excellent character as a christian, and as a faithful servant of our Lord; Therefor be it

Resolved. That this Association will greatly feel the loss of Mr. Harvey's leadership, in both his spiritual and temporal interest, and in his untiring zeal to increase its usefulness in this community:

That the young men of Bellefonte lose, in his departure, one who loved them without regard to social distinction, and the burden of whose life, was and is the salvation of their souls:

That the churches and christian organizations of this town will miss his presence at their public meetings, where his voice was always heard to kindle enthusiasm in the ranks:

And that this Board voices the sentiments of this community in expressing its heartfelt wishes for his success in whatever field of labor he many engage, and for the welfare of his family.

Approved this 12th day of June, 1893. Attest:

President. A. LUKENBACH,

J. R. HUGHES, Recording Secretary pro tem.

SLIGHTLY HURT.

There was quite an extensive land slide at the lime quarries of McCalmont & Co last Monday morning. A blast had been set off and Mr. McCalmont had warned all the men to get away from the bank as it might come down. Mr. Theo. McNichols, the boss of the gang of workmen, was standing where the force of the fall if the bank fell could reach him and when it gave way it partly buried him in a mass of rock and dirt. He was quickly rescued and although much bruised the doctor did not think he was seriously hurt. He is an experienced quarrymen and has worked for this firm ever since it started now several years.

CHILDRENS DAY IN THE CHURCHES

Last Sunday was children's day in the churches of Bellefonte and the exercises in all of them were of the most interesting and elevating character. These seasons serve a noble purpose; they fill young minds with good thoughts and holy aspirations. The decorations in the Presbyterian church were beautiful. Rev. William Laurie, the pastor, and J. W. Gephart, the superintendent of the Sunday school, occupied the pulpit, The children filled the front seats for this was their day and they must occupy the seats of honor; older persons took back seats. The choir sang, the pastor offered prayer and read a portion of God's holy word. Then a class of eight girls sang a beautiful selection. They were Elsie Rankin, Maud Culveyhouse, Adaline Woodring, Anna Harris, Lydia Cook, Lillian Walker and Helen Crissman. They all sang well. They sang again then Elliot Vandevener, Lewis Walker and, Malocln Mitchel recited pieces on the proper observance of the holy sabbath day. The infant class in charge of Miss Martha McKnight, showed the careful training of their able teacher. The pastor spoke to the children to impress upon their young minds the importance of a strict observance of the sabbath day. His discourse was well calculated to make a good impression upon their young minds. This was important for the impression made on the minds of the young are lasting and will influence for good their whole lives.

The Methodist church was crowded in the afternoon with the members of the Sunday school and their friends and relatives. W. F. Reeder, superintendent of the Sunday school, was in charge; the pastor, W. A. Houck, lead in prayer. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers, evergreen and the national flag and looked very beautiful. A very interesting program was gone through with in which a large number of the scholars of the school took an active part; recitations a dialogue entitled Columbia Defense, was well done; fine music, etc., filled the hour with a profitable and pleasant entertainment to all.

The United Brethren church, corner of High and Thomas street, was crowded in the evening, the building was beautifully decorated. The children all performed their parts well and everybody who attended here was well pleased with the service.

The African Methodist Episcopal church was also beautiful decorated. A large crowd was in attendance and the exercises were very interesting.

—The Media *Ledger* in speaking of Evan G. Shortlidge, brother of Col. William Shortlidge of Bellefonte, and who has lately been elected mayor of Wilmington, Del., says: That he was born in Chester county, Pa., in 1844. He taught school in Delaware county. The war broke out before he became of age, but he entered the army and remained the close of the same, when he resumed teaching. In 1867 he was associated with his brother, Swithin Shortlidge, in the Kennet Square Academy. At this time he took up the study of medicine and gratuated from the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of Doctor of Medicine, in 1869. In that year he was sent as physician among the Indians of Northern Nebraska, under the direction of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. He returned East in 1871 and established in Wilmington. He had been a member of the Board of Public Education for twenty sucessive years, with the exception of one year. He has been connected with the Board of Health about seven years and is now president of that body.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

Last Saturday afternoon Frank Resides, of College township, was engaged in repairing the roof of a barn on the farm of Henry Dale, one mile southwest of Lemont, now occupied by Harry McGirk as tenant. One of the strips on which his feet rested gave way, causing him to fall a distance of twenty five feet on a board, which the weight of his body broke, and he fell ten feet more into the stable below. When he fell he had a hatchet in his hand which he had been using, he held onto it and was severely cut in the face by it. He received fatal injuries by the accident. He was picked up and at once conveyed to his home where he expired at four o'clock on Sunday morning. He was about forty years of age and leaves a wife and six children to mourn his sudden death. He belonged to the Independent order of Odd Fellows and was a man respected by all who knew him. The funeral was held last Tuesday.

A BOY PREVENTS AN ACCIDENT.

On the Lewisburg railroad there is a trestle at Cherry Run about 30 feet high which trains pass over every day. Last Saturday afternoon G. Miles Miller, a lad about twelve years old, was passing along there and discovered that the bridge had caught fire and many of the ties were burned so as to leave the rails loose. As he knew a freight train for Bellefonte would soon be due at that point he ran up the the road and flagged the approaching train thus preventing what might have been a serious accident with loss of life. For a boy so young Miller displayed much presence of mind for which he is entitled to great credit. The damage to the track was repaired on Sunday so that trains run Monday as usual.

—The Logan boys tested the power of their new horses last Thursday evening, starting with the steamer from Howard to

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Allegheny street, thence to high and from there to the creek near Waite's shop; here they gave an exhibition of the powers of the engine until a hose bursted ducking many who had gathered to witness the display.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Howard Yeager, of Curwensville, was visiting friends at his old home in Bellefonte last week.

Q. A. Daniels, who left Bellefonte several years ago, has lately changed his residence from Geeensburg, Pa., to Jeanette, Pa.

John C. Henderson, an excommissioner of Centre county, was in Bellefonte last Thursday. He is looking well after his late severe sickness.

Col. D. S. Keller, who has been in Philadelphia, for medical treatment returned home last Monday evening. He was accompained by his wife.

Mrs. George B. Brandon, late of the Brockerhoff house now of Spangler, Cambria county, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shank, on South Allegheny street this week.

George W. Rumberger, of Philipsburg, was in Bellefonte last week. They say he is hunting up the democratic nomination for Register. George is a good fellow we hope he will suceed.

A. J. Cook arrived home from Philadelphia last Tuesday. He had been to the city to place his daughter Blanch under medical treatment. Mrs. Cook accompanied them. Miss Blanch is doing well. Mrs. Cook remained in the city with her daughter.

We had the pleasure of taking by the hand last Thursday in Bellefonte Dr. Thomas Tobin, of Stormstown. He attended Ex-Commissioner J C Henderson, of Julian, in his late serious illness and brought him out all right. He is one of the most skillful physicians in Centre Co.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The following resolutions of respect to the memory of K. M. Gates, of Rock Spring, who was killed while working with a wrecking crew at the wreck of Main's circus train near Vail station a short time ago, were adopted by W. C. No. 506, P. O. S. of A., at a meeting of the lodge held June 6, 1893:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom to remove from us our esteemed brother, Robert M. Gates, whose sudden death we now deeply lament, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, this camp has sustained a loss, a name has been stricken from the roll which can never be replaced; a vacancy caused in our ranks which never can be filled; but we trust that our loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and friends in this their sad affliction, and remind them of the promise of Him who has said, "come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and said resolutions be published in Tyrone *Herald* and county papers, and a copy be presented to the family.

G. F. MCWILLIAMS,
H. B. GOHEEN,
A. J. BATHURST.

BASE BALL SATURDAY.

The first game of base ball to be played at Hunter's park will take place Saturday afternoon and will be between the Bellefonte Academy and Milesburg teams were scheduled to play a series of five games. Four have already been played, each club winning two, so that Saturday's game will be the deciding one. Both teams are strong and well matched and the game promises to be a very interesting one. To convey all who desire to attend, arrangements have been made for a special train to leave the P. R. R. depot promptly at 1.30 o'clock, and it will return to Bellefonte immediately after the close of the game. The fare for the round trip will be but 25 cents, and admission to the ground 10 cents, making but 35 cents for the ride up and back and to see the game. Turn out, everybody, and go up in a big crowd; it will do you good, cost you but little, and encourage the boys. Remember the time Saturday at 1.30 p. m.

DEATH OF MRS. FOREMAN.

Mrs. Frank A. Foreman, of Centre Hall, died last Monday. She had been sick for several weeks with typhoid fever. She was a daughter of Thomas Purdue, of Coleville; her maiden name was Alice Purdue. She was a member of the Methodist church and an earnest, consistent christian. She was 32 years old and leaves a husband and five children. The funeral will take place to-day (Thursday) at 9 o'clock a. m. Burrial at Centre Hall.

FUNERAL OF JEREMIAH DALEY.

Died at Washington, D. C., June 9, 1893, Jeremiah Daley, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Daley, of Curtin township, aged 24 years, 6 months and 20 days.

Mr. Daly had been in the government employ for four years, and was a young man of great promise. He was well educated, bright and energetic, and was making a record as one of the best clerks in the employ of the government. When he first went to Washington he was employed in the census department. Soon after he prepared himself to pass the civil service examination, and made the highest record possible, which entitled him to the promotions which were made from time to time. On that terrible morning it was his fate to be at work in the ill-fated Ford's Theatre building. Had he been at his desk he would have been safe for the floor in that place did not go down; but he had occasion to look up some records which were away from his place, and while there the crash came and he went down in the fatal wreck. His father was in the city that day, and knowing Jerry was in the building made earnest effort to find him, but for some time without avail. The building was guarded by police and soldiers who would allow no one to pass the lines. He went to the boarding house, he was not there, then to the several hospitals but he was nowhere to be found, At eleven o'clock in the forenoon a rescuing party found his lifeless body under a great pile of wreckage. They did not know him but put a number on him and sent him to the Emergency Hospital where his anxious parent found him at three o'clock in the afternoon, and took him to the residence of T. P. Daley, of Washington, where the remains were prepared for transportation home where they arrived last Saturday. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon. Rev. Chas. Miller of the U. B. church and Conrad Long officiating. A large number of friends, indeed the people of that whole community turned out to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had been so terribly struck down in the bloom of youth and manly strength. Beautiful flowers mingled with tears were showered upon the grave. One hundred and thirty-five carriages were used to convey friends from the church to the grave in the Disciple Cemetery at Romola, in Curtin township

At Washington the young man had made many friends. A military company escorted his remains to the depot. Many beautiful flowers were contributed by lady friends there. He had joined the Catholic church and died in that faith. His death was a sad one, but his memory will remain green in the hearts of his friends, a lasting monument to a young man who, while he lived, performed life's duties with Christain faithfulness.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., Junn 12 1893

W. J. Carlin, Minnie Glunt, J. F. Kunnins, John Legge, Alta Shultz, James H. Thompson, Cloid Thompson, Samuel Valentine, Mrs. Mamie Williams.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER. P. M.

—Last Thursday the Junior society Christian Endeavor enjoyed a Picnic at Hunter's Park. Mrs. Robert Irvin and Dr. Edith Harris acting as chaperons. 46 young girls were of the party. It was the first gathering of the kind at the park this season.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the name of Andrew Lytle, of College township, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 70
Mixed wheat per bushel	68
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	45
Oats	35
Barley	45
Cloverseed, fair to good	$ 8 40
do prime and extra prime	9.00
do choice	9.60
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	11.00
" choice " " "	12.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	80
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 13
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	15
Hams, sugar cured	18
Shoulders	17
Breakfast Bacon	17
Country Bacon	16
Lard, leaf, per pound	16
Lard, country, per pound	12
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	85
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	10
Canned Tomatoes, per can	12—15
Canned Corn, per can	12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—80
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	5
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25